

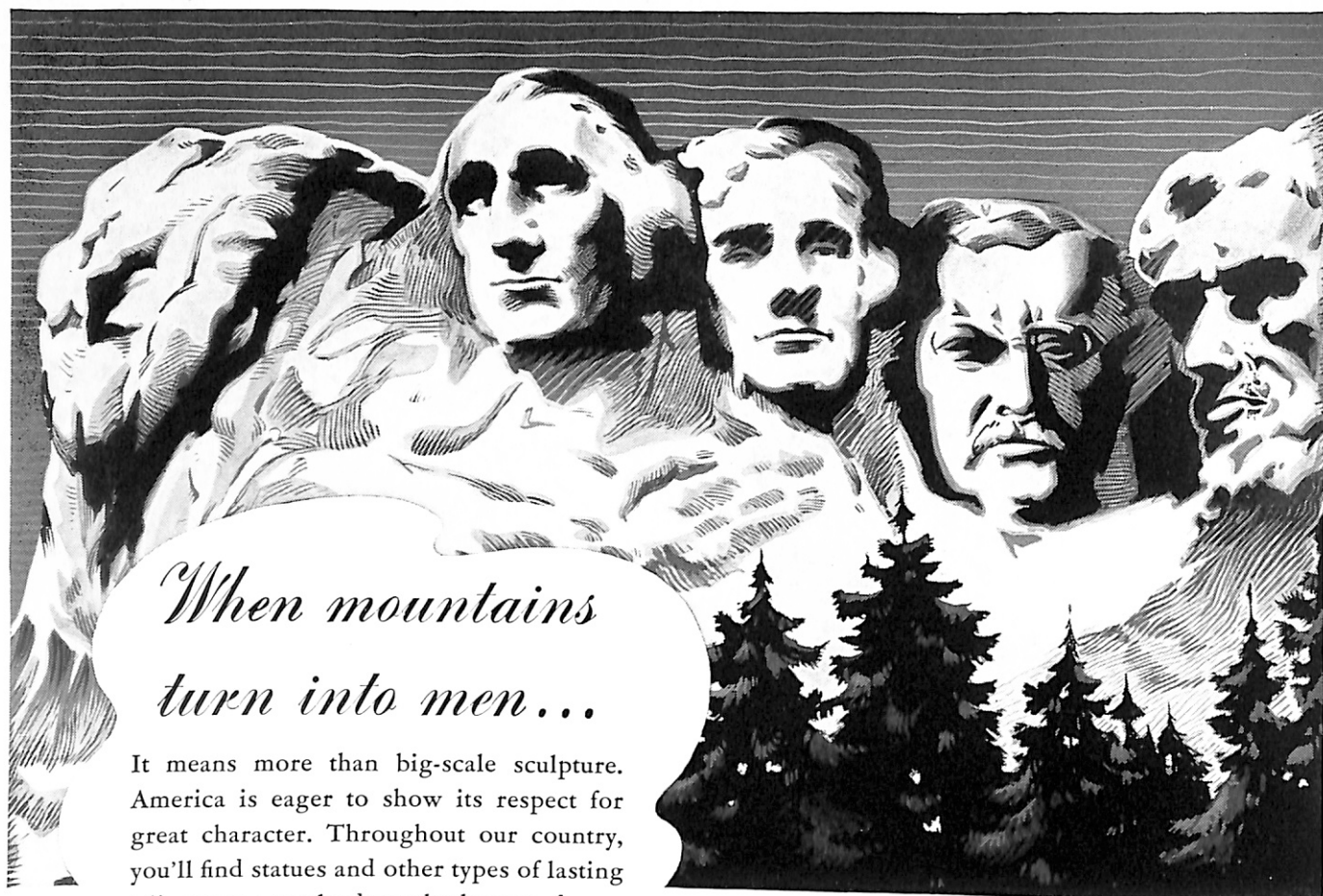
THE

MAGAZINE

Elks



DECEMBER 1941



*When mountains
turn into men...*

It means more than big-scale sculpture. America is eager to show its respect for great character. Throughout our country, you'll find statues and other types of lasting tributes to great leaders who have made us a great nation...reminders of American ideals.

People respect character in products, too



When a product has the character people respect, they are quick to adopt it. The makers of Budweiser have always followed one standard — Budweiser must always be utterly distinctive in taste, pure, good and supreme in quality. That's why people everywhere have agreed that Budweiser is "something more than beer." Their demand has made it the biggest-selling beer in history and built the world's largest brewery.

TABLE BEER
OF AMERICA

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
ST. LOUIS

COPR. 1941.

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER



HELLO, AMERICANS

As we approach Christmas—a season of the year during which the great heart of Elkdom is warmed by good works in bringing cheer to those who otherwise would be cheerless—it is my fervent wish that you not allow the tremulous temper of the times to lessen your enthusiasm for or participation in the observance.

I want you to remember that Santa Claus still lives in these United States and he will come once more to brighten the eyes of youth and revive the dreams of old age. I want you to feel again the great joy of giving, of bringing happiness, of sharing your bounty with others less fortunate, of knowing the inner joy and soul satisfaction of making someone else happy. Keep always in mind that “the gift without the giver is bare”.

Yet, in our own celebration of Christmas let there be nothing of smugness or self-satisfaction. Let us realize that the bounteous blessings we enjoy come from the efforts of the many that all may participate. In humility and gratitude let us realize that Americans who have gone before conquered visible and invisible foes that we might enjoy the fruits of their heroic example. In this favored land of free men and free institutions let us look beyond the churning seas and pray for the return of the day when there once more will be “Peace on earth, good will to men”.

To our own sons and brothers in the armed forces of

the United States let us express our gratitude. And how better can we do this as Elks than by making our homes centers of Yuletide cheer where men who have abandoned their private lives to protect the America we love so deeply may find the full meaning of “good will to men” as exemplified by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Make this a patriotic Christmas!

As your Grand Exalted Ruler, I urge you to be mindful of the more serious implications of the Christmas observance even as you catch the spirit of gaiety and festivity. Allow me to express my Christmas wish to you with these lines:

A Merry Christmas to you all,
May happiness be yours to hold,
May fortune heed your ev'ry call
With treasures better far than gold.

A Merry Christmas I implore,
May life be ever full and good;
May joy be yours for evermore
In blessed bonds of brotherhood.

John B. O'Connell
GRAND EXALTED RULER.



THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

WYATT BLASSINGAME, author of "A Thing to Live For", was born in Demopolis. Immediately one thinks of a bomb-torn, smoky ruin on an island in the Mediterranean—but not this Demopolis. It's a quiet, sleepy-time-down-South town in Alabama. With that atmosphere as a start, he has done what we would all like to do, after we have read Mr. Ransom's December vacation article and Mr. Trullinger's Rod and Gun description of Florida, he moved to an island off its coast. Spending winters in the Caribbean islands, Mexico and one in a Canadian lumber camp just to see what snow looks like, he has led the editor's dream life in reality. Swim, fish and write under blue skies and waving palms. We didn't think it was possible.

We must admit he did come down to earth, our earth, once in a while to act as a police reporter and college instructor, among other things.

James Monahan, (remember "Explosion in Vulgarly"?) has written of another explosion—the war—to tell us of the death struggle for industrial diamonds now waged all over the world. The interest in these precious stones shown by all belligerents is of real importance to all of us, as Mr. Monahan ably explains in "Any Axis to Grind?" Industrial diamonds may not always sparkle, but our industrial lights wouldn't shine very brightly without them. Why? Mr. Monahan tells us.

Loring Dowst is back again. This time with "More Deadly Than the Male", written on his farm in Halifax, Vermont. We're glad he has the place and is, in addition, a licensed pilot. His background of farming and flying has given us our current story which we might otherwise not have had. Mr. Dowst's nickname is "Dusty", which he claims is a contraction of his childhood name of "Dowsty". I suppose when a "Dowsty" matures, he just naturally becomes "Dusty" with age.

"Dusty's" father, Henry Payson Dowst, was an outstanding popular fiction author of a few years back. He was also called "Dusty", so I guess our Mr. Dowst comes by both nickname and talent honestly.

We would think that Stanley Frank was a complete mercenary if we didn't know that he is an accomplished violinist. A musician must have a heart, so remember that it is a one-time fiddle player who wrote "Messrs. Football Leave College". It's the story of a beaten path, the one from the ivy-covered college buildings to the greenbacked professional football fields. Money talks again.

Harry Hansen passes judgment on the current books and Ed Faust has had another heart-to-heart talk with the dogs for our benefit. F.R.A.



Cream of Kentucky

THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON

Scarlet and black—racing colors of Mr. Joseph E. Widener—carried to fame by Brevity and Chance Shot

**Play the Favorite... for
"Double-Rich" Pleasure!**

Way out in front of the fine Bourbon field is Cream of Kentucky—the world's largest selling straight Bourbon whiskey. Bred of the finest grain in the Bluegrass... with water from a special spring of century-old fame for making extra rich Bourbon... "trained" by Kentucky's premier Bourbon distiller. Taste what "Double-Rich" means to you—in extra flavor and smoothness!

86 Proof. Copr. 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.



More DEADLY



WAS eleven the Spring my cousin from Milwaukee came to visit us. Sidonie had lived in the city all her life and she had never seen a farm like ours—a small Vermont farm with its pastures and mowings cut right out of the thickly wooded hillside. Her visit lasted only a week, but before she went home I asked her to marry me.

Her little face, which was as creamy white as my father's new meerschaum pipe, wrinkled with laughter and became pink. Mine turned red. "What's so funny about that?" I said.

"You silly," she said. "People don't marry until they're grown up. Besides, I'm your cousin and I'm too old for you."

"You're only my second cousin, and you're hardly a year older than I am. That won't make any difference when we're grown."

Perhaps she felt my hurt, for she said, "Well, all right, Carl. If we can live on a farm like this, with a barn where we can jump in the hay."

I said, "If we're engaged you have to give me a kiss." But when I looked up, her blue eyes were making fun of me.

"Follow the leader!" she cried. "If I can't stump you I'll give you a kiss!" She set off through the clover, her long braids streaming behind her.

She went up a maple tree like a squirrel, and when I was slow to follow her she taunted me with laughter. She was rangier than I, a little taller and amazingly strong. She had no comprehension of fear. I went up the tree and down, raced after her as she leaped ditches and gates as nimbly as a fawn. Then she headed for the well by the barn, where we kept the milk to cool.

Clinging to the rough stone walls she descended to water level, made a circuit around the wall and came up. I was half-way down when I slipped.

The water was icy cold. It took my breath away and I couldn't even holler. But I could hear Sidonie's wild laughter echoing against the stones. The water was only four feet deep, and I pulled myself atop one of the big milk cans and sat there getting my breath.

"Carl!" she yelled. "Carl! Do you give up?"

I didn't answer. I clambered to my feet, grasped the rope tied to a milk can and hauled myself up. Sidonie did not help me as I crawled out.

"The way we play at home," she said, "you're not stumped until you quit."

I stood up and grinned. In that case, I had won. I moved toward her so that I could kiss her.



than the MALE

**The story of a boy and a girl from Milwaukee and
the strange tricks the war played on them both.**

By Loring Dowst

"Oh, no!" she laughed. "There's one more obstacle." And off she scampered, gay as ever. This time she led me into the old red barn. There she hung on the hook we used to haul the hay to the loft. Then she went up the ladder to the little platform just under the ridgepole. My heart was pounding.

"Sidonie," I said. "You're not really going to jump from here—"

She made a face at me. "Of course I am. If you're going to be engaged to me you can't be a sissy." And, her eyes shining with excitement, she jumped. I heard her scream. I know now that it was not because of fright.

My legs would not support me and I clutched the timber at my side to keep from falling. Minutes seemed to pass before she struck. When she walked out onto the barn floor, I thought she limped. Finally I asked if she were hurt.

She looked up and she was laugh-

ing again. "Heck, no, Carl," she said. "It's a cinch. Anybody can do it. Come on!"

I made myself let go the upright and worked away from it. I bent my knees and looked down at the hay so far below.

"Come on," Sidonie yelled again. "I'll count three."

I crouched lower. I couldn't let a girl stump me. I would shut my eyes and go; it would be over in two seconds. . . .

"One!" said Sidonie. "Two!"

I shut my eyes. Dizziness overcame me and fear welled into my throat. I opened my eyes, took one long step sideways toward the upright timber and hung onto it. Sidonie flung taunts at me.

I remained there, sullen and terrified. She began to sing in German a song which I guessed to be derisive. Ashamed and sick at heart, I descended the ladders.

"Carl Schmidt," she said, "I'm sur-

prised at you. If a person is still stumped when we sing that song, he's a coward!"

"You know my folks wouldn't teach me German," I said, having nothing else to say. Sidonie was a first generation American; I, a second.

"I forgot," she said, and she translated the song. It was not flattering. I wanted to cry, but that would have been worse.

"Come on, Carl," she said at last. "Let's forget it; I have to go home tomorrow. Go change your clothes."

"I'll jump tomorrow," I said.

We had to take her to the train early next day, and I put on my Sunday suit first thing. I couldn't jump in that. Just as she got on the train I saw her wince. Her left ankle was very swollen but she refused to limp.

**She hung by one hand from the hook we
used to haul the hay up to the barn loft.**



She waved goodbye to us, still laughing and gay.

That afternoon I went out in the barn and jumped from the peak loft. It jarred me from the heels to the top of my head. I wrote to Sidonie and told her that now I had earned the right to be engaged to her. In a week or so an answer came. She thanked us for a lovely visit. In closing she said, "You cannot win a prize when the game is ended. But there can be another game."

I did not see Sidonie for a long time.

I was a junior in agricultural college before I decided that, in spite of my father's wishes, I did not want to spend the rest of my life on a farm. By then it was too late to change over to aeronautical engineering, which I suddenly found desirable. The best I could do was complete my course and, on the side, earn a little flying time from an instructor who operated near college.

I had dates now and then. But no girl compared to my memory of Sidonie. Yet I never heard from her until I was about to graduate. Then she said it would be nice if I could come to visit them. She had much to tell me. When my father offered me a trip to Milwaukee as a graduation present, I couldn't get started quickly enough.

Sidonie met me at the bus station. She still looked like a little girl with mischief in her eyes—except that her pale yellow hair hung in a glamorous page-boy bob about her nice square shoulders. And I had grown up. The top of her head came to my chin.

I said, "You've hardly changed at all."

She frowned and said, "Goodness, Carl, am I as awful as that?"

"It's just your eyes," I answered. "They're as full of the devil as they used to be. Any minute I expect you to yell 'follow the leader!'"

Sidonie laughed, her teeth flashing in the sun. "Maybe I shall." She thrust her arm through mine and led me toward the car line. "Come on. Do you jump from high lofts?"

"Every day," I said. "Do you?" "Better than that. Last Saturday I jumped from an airplane at five thousand feet." Before I could speak she went on, "I got my private pilot's license two weeks ago, and established a slow-roll record for women the next day. The parachute jump was just for fun."

She had the edge on me again—and then some. I said, "Gosh, how exciting." There seemed little point in telling her I had taken seven hours' dual instruction and hoped to solo soon. "That's very impressive,"

I added. "What will you do next?"

"Give me a few months and I'll have a job demonstrating Wesco Sportwings."

Incredible as it sounded, I believed her.

Uncle Otto was a brewmaster. He provided a comfortable two-family house which Aunt Emma kept glistening. They preferred to speak German and couldn't understand why my parents had never let me learn it. Sidonie and I spent most of our time at the airport.

As fond as I was of flying, I did not always enjoy it with Sidonie. Apparently, she ignored the dangers every pilot knows he must guard against. Yet she flew beautifully, becoming almost a part of the airplane. The last day of my visit she took me up and ran through a series of aerobatics so advanced that I momentarily despaired of ever catching up to her. Suddenly, while I was still lost in admiration and envy, she signaled for me to take the controls.

Without thinking, I did so. The ship was unfamiliar to me, but presently I was handling it smoothly, doing as nicely as my instructor had taught me.

"Why, Carl!" Sidonie yelled. "You've flown before!"

I nodded and grinned, and she let me land. My landing was all right. I told her about my elementary in-



struction, and that I expected to continue.

She was serious for a moment. Then she said, "If I were a man I could have learned to fly for nothing." I asked her how she would have managed that. "I would have gone to Germany," she said. "The Feuhrer is training thousands of pilots. Germany is the most air-conscious country in the world."

"I'd have to be a German citizen," I said.

Her blue eyes appraised me calmly. "What of it?" she said. "Germany's destiny is great. You'd make a splendid Nazi."

I couldn't answer immediately. That teasing laughter began to dance in her eyes. I tried to laugh, too. "You—you're joking, aren't you, Sidonie?"

She flashed a dissolving smile. "Am I? Well, perhaps. But think it over. Come on now, you've got to catch a bus."

She gave me a kiss as I boarded the bus—a quick one. I thought of lots of things I wanted to say to her. I wanted to tell her that I loved her. Instead, I said, "Write and tell me how you get along with your flying."

Sidonie said, "Just keep your eyes on the papers."

The bus pulled out and I caught a last glimpse of her, standing there with her bright head cocked on one

side, waving and laughing. I thought about the kiss. It should have been an especially nice one. It could have been the most important thing in my life. Rather, I felt as if I had kissed a rainbow.

Adolph Hitler was doing great things for Germany, all right. The papers and magazines were filled with articles telling of the country's new and growing strength, her youth movements, her ever-increasing air force. Yet I did not want to be a Nazi, and I didn't believe Sidonie was serious when she suggested it. The military aspect, however, influenced me. It reminded me of our own Flying Cadet Corps.

I secured an appointment to a primary training school and continued on to the advanced school at Kelly Field, San Antonio. I loved every minute of it and worked as I had never worked in college. Sidonie made progress, too, although of a more spectacular nature. I watched the papers as she advised, and her name appeared regularly. "Sidonie Stahl wins Transcontinental Powder Puff Derby. . . . Sidonie Stahl wins national stunting title at Cleveland air races. . . . Sidonie

Stahl establishes world's altitude record for women pilots. . . ." Sidonie was carving her name across aviation's horizon.

I was proud to win my wings and my commission, and serve a year in the Regular Army Air Corps. That was just before service units discontinued participating in civil airport dedications. We were frequently invited to perform our precision formation air-work. We usually concluded our show with a squirrel cage loop over the field. Top-rank civilian stunt pilots were in demand, too—especially Sidonie Stahl. On one occasion we were on the same program.

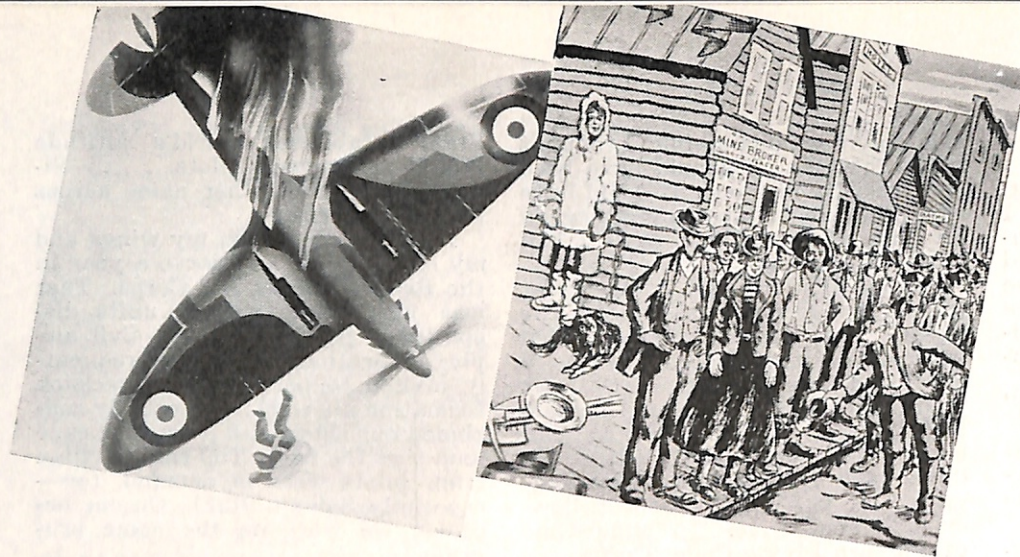
My outfit arrived in the afternoon. Sidonie had already won two of the four races. I found her polishing the windshield of her new Wesco Special. She was wearing a jet-black suede flying suit which made her hair seem incredibly blond. The fuselage of the ship was black, its nose cowl and wings scarlet. Painted on the side was Sidonie's own insignia: a lipstick, a compact and a powder puff, in a gold circle. A scarlet suede helmet lay on the catwalk.

(Continued on page 38)

I looked for Courtney and barely had time to wave to him as he took off on the second flight.

Illustrated by MICHAEL DOLAS





Far left: Jacket design for "Tally-Ho! Yankee in a Spitfire" by Arthur G. Donahue, R.A.F.

Left: Jacket for "Lady Sourdough" by Frances Ella Fitz as told to Jerome Odum.

PEOPLE who predicted months ago that the war would start a lot of book reading are right. Book sales are booming and publishers and authors are wearing happy smiles at the unexpected interest of the potential customer, the American citizen. But those who said that people would rush to books to forget the war were not entirely accurate, for one of the most popular of books is William L. Shirer's "Berlin Diary",

and whenever a new war story of merit appears it gets a good following. The books that are not so popular are those sermons in print in which economists and political commentators try to tell us what to do and what not to do. The American people enjoy exciting disclosures, high adventure, and especially books about personalities of the hour, but they don't take kindly to sanctimonious preaching by amateurs.

WHAT AMERICA IS *Reading*

By Harry Hansen



I must confess that I expected more from Fritz Thyssen's "I Paid Hitler", the confessions of the German steel magnate who was one of the Rhineland group to give money to the Nazi cause and look on the rising Hitler as a man who could protect Germany and bring her back to prosperity. Thyssen dictated this manuscript while in exile in Monte Carlo and it is pretty frank about the whole Nazi crew—Goering, Goebbels, Himmler and Hess, who made plenty of money out of the Nazi movement. Hitler doesn't take money for running Germany but he owns the biggest publishing concern, and when Nazi party members go from door to door asking for subscriptions to his newspaper, "it is difficult to refuse", as Mr. Thyssen says. So Hitler gets all the advertising and all the subscriptions. Thyssen was disgusted with Hitler after the Reichstag fire and the Blood Purge of 1934, but he didn't check out until Hitler declared war on Poland. "I was a fool to believe Adolf Hitler's intentions were sincere," writes Thyssen. But regrets won't wipe out the past. Thyssen has been missing since the Germans occupied France. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.75)

LAWYERS are careful readers; I have always had the impression that they are among our best customers for biography. Now and then a judge or a lawyer with a long career at the bar writes a book; it is always packed with human wisdom. Curtis Bok, the latest judge to get into this business of reminiscing, is not laden down with years; he has been a judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia for only four years, but it has taught him a lot about human beings and their relation to the law. In his book "Backbone of the Herring", he describes the people he has met and the strange situations in which they have been placed. This, by the way, is not a book about fish; it seems that on the Isle of Man the judicial oath reads: "You swear to do justice between cause and cause as equally as the backbone of the herring doth lie midstmost of the fish."

Judge Bok invents a judge to carry the tale—Judge Ulen. He is a humane judge, not intent to make the law harsh and injurious. He does not think that all cases can be solved by reference to precedents. Nor does he think "of the law as a series of isolated dooms having nothing to do with one another". Judge Ulen believes that "justice has to do with

(Continued on page 55)

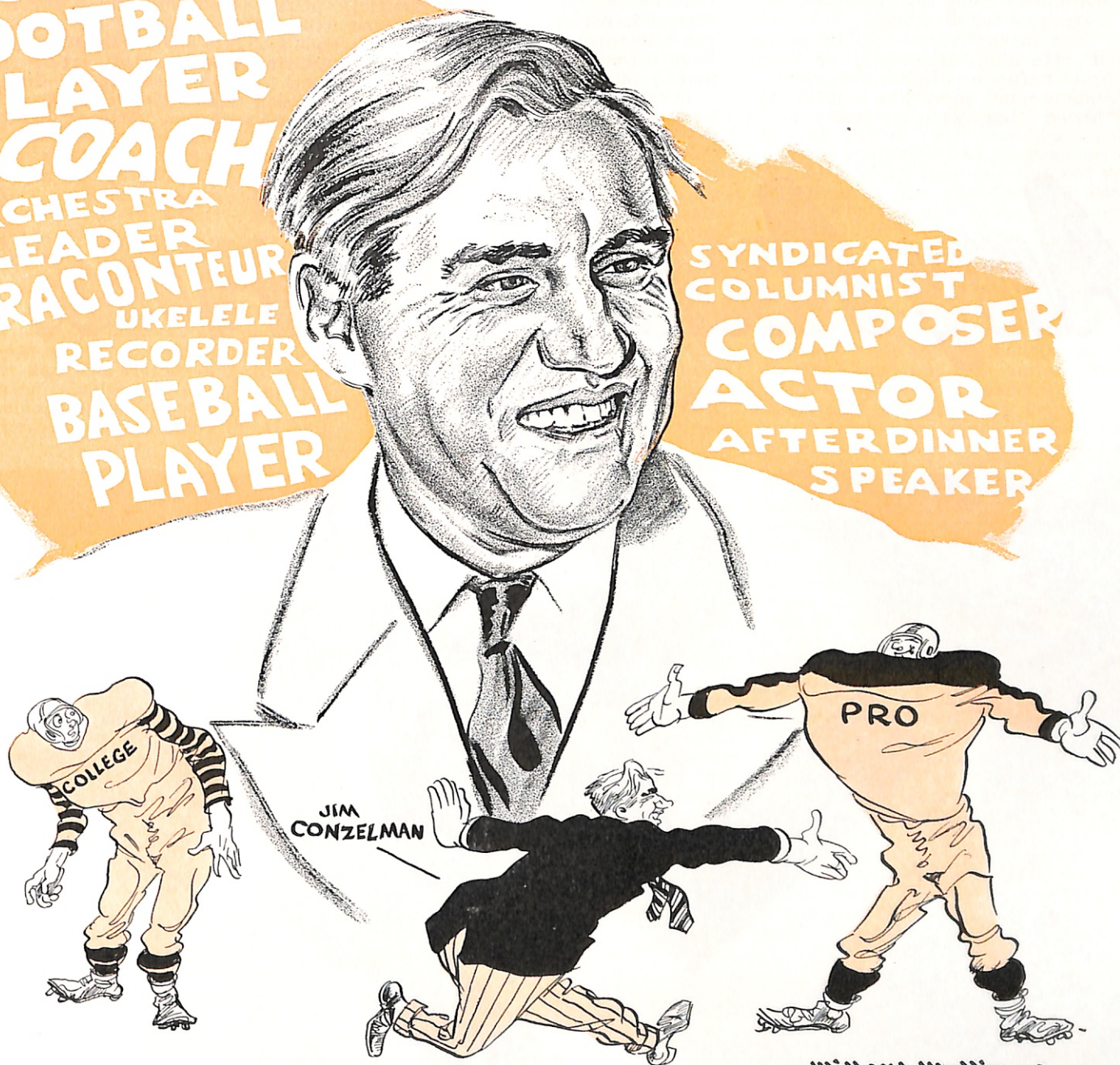
Gypsy Rose Lee, author of "The G-String Murders", just published, "making with the book words".

Messrs. Football Leave College

EDITOR
SALESMAN
FOOTBALL
PLAYER
COACH

ORCHESTRA
LEADER
RACONTEUR
DUKELELE
RECORDER
BASEBALL
PLAYER

SYNDICATED
COLUMNIST
COMPOSER
ACTOR
AFTERDINNER
SPEAKER



Willard Mullin

Mr. Frank tells us of the migration of the football bird to the sunny climes of professionalism.

By Stanley Frank

FOR several years now, this pillar of probity, prescience and profundity has been plugging professional football as a serious contender for the public's affection and cash, traditionally monopolized by the colleges. Much to the distress of the old school-tie boys, recent developments have made this prediction stand up and assume menacing proportions which are giving the college crowd headaches and horrors.

Last year the ten teams in the National League drew 1,613,482 customers to seventy games, an average of

more than 23,000 paid admissions—a swell average, considering the dead spots in the league, the wide disparity in the caliber of the teams and the difficulty in raising a respectable crop of ivy to compare with the varsity variety. This season business has been booming; the Philadelphia Eagles played to more customers in two games with the New York Giants than they pulled through the gates for all their games in 1940.

Graduate athletic managers are pretty morose about the imperious hands the professionals are laying upon the space—all free—devoted to football in the newspapers. The pros are outdrawing the top college teams in New York, Washington and Cleveland; it won't be long before Pittsburgh falls into that category. The success of the National League has attracted fresh bankrolls to the American League, an organization which pulled a fast one on the opposition by getting up on the line the

(Continued on page 47)

FOR the past two years Adolf Hitler has been waging one desperate, losing battle that has ranged over continental Europe and into the Western Hemisphere, and still hasn't made the headlines. It is a struggle for diamonds.

The inside story—told by scores of returning diplomats, engineers and refugee diamond-dealers—sounds much more like a lurid spy-thriller than what it really is: a

stark, factual chapter in the history of modern economic warfare. The coveted diamonds are not brilliant, exquisitely cut gems such as one might find in a crown-jewel collection; but hard, rough, ugly industrial diamonds which, because they alone can bite through the toughest steel, have become a primary essential of mass-production industry.

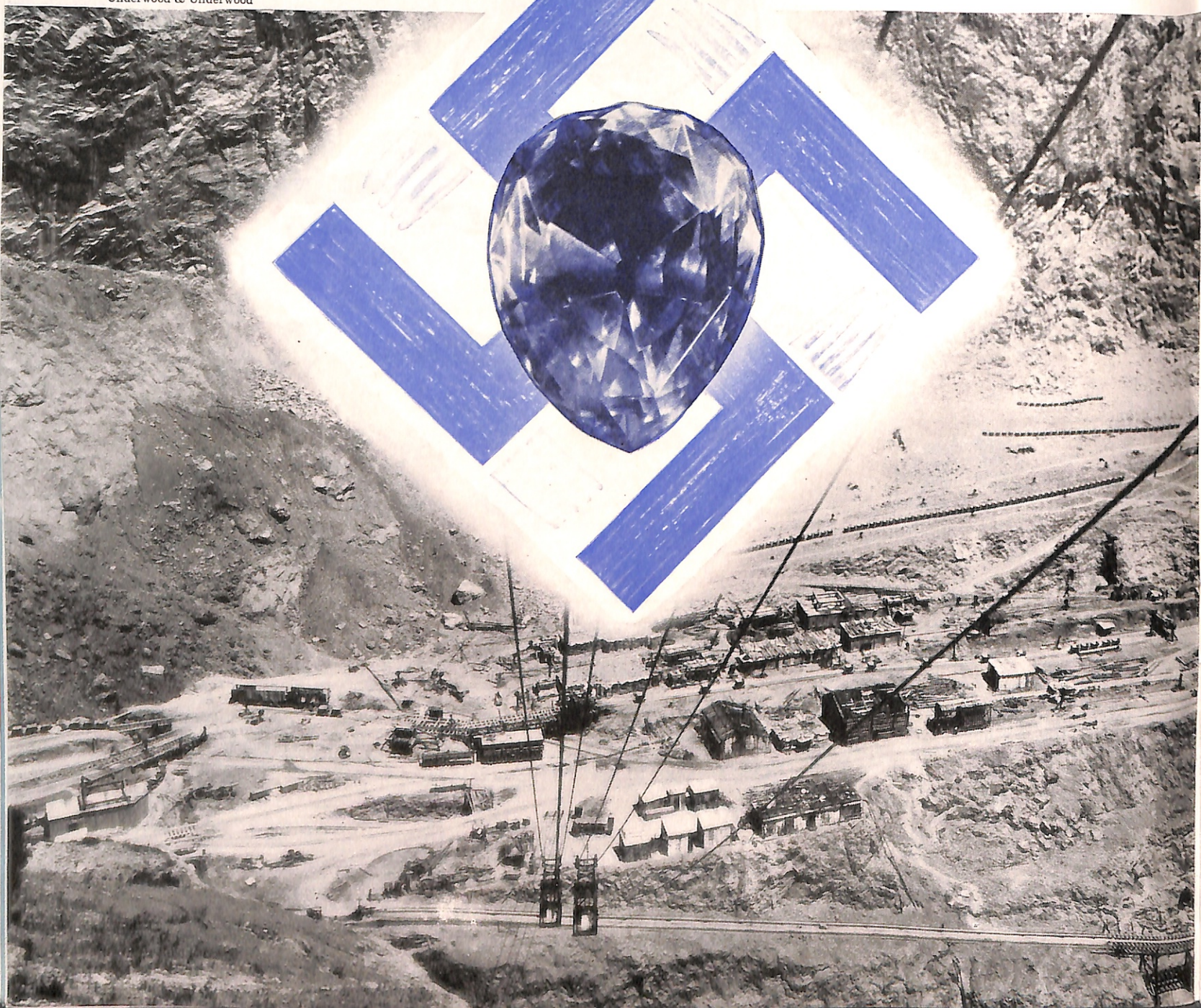
In the Spring of 1940, hard on the heels of the German troops invading

the Low Countries, Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler hastened to Holland and Belgium as Hitler's personal emissary to survey the spoils. In Amsterdam alone he found such prizes as 40,000 tons of Dutch oil, thousands of tons of tin, huge supplies of fats and foodstuffs. But the glaring emptiness of certain shops and lofts in Amsterdam's diamond district made Herr Himmler apoplectic with rage. Most of Holland's

Any Axis to Grind?

By James Monahan

Underwood & Underwood



rich, vital diamond-cutting industry—the one prize most sought by Germany—had vanished overnight.

It was even worse in Antwerp, Belgium. There, even more effectively than in Holland, Hitler has been outsmarted by a mild-mannered little Englishman, Mr. Ginder, an aggressive member of the jewelers' section of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Ginder had anticipated the invasion of the Low Countries by several weeks. Shuttling back and forth across the Channel, he had transported valuable diamond reserves, tools and hundreds of skilled workers to the comparative safety of the English Midlands.

Only by the sheerest fluke were any diamonds at all left for the invaders in the Netherlands. On the fateful Friday of May 10th, while German dive-bombers and parachute troops were descending upon Rotterdam and The Hague, a British destroyer steamed into port and its commanding officer hastened to a large bank in the heart of Amster-

dam's diamond district. He had orders, countersigned by Dutch authorities in London, to clean out everything—but particularly diamond stocks—in the vaults and safety-deposit boxes and rush the contents to England. Unfortunately, he had arrived after banking hours. The huge vaults were closed, and the time-locks set to reopen on the following Monday morning. Only two men—the manager and his assistant—knew how to open them, and they were nowhere to be found.

The British officer fumed and fretted through Friday night, and on Saturday morning he departed empty-handed. The Germans had over-run most of Holland by the time the bank vaults opened on Monday morning.

However, this lone haul afforded small consolation to the expectant Germans. In an old greystone building on Charterhouse Street, London, one knowing group of Englishmen found themselves highly pleased with the job that had been done. These were the directors of Britain's fabulous Diamond Corporation, which owns or controls the diamond mines of Africa, source of 97 percent of the world's supply. For nearly a century this British monopoly has rigidly controlled the ebb and flow of diamonds on the world markets. When war was declared in September 1939, the Diamond Corporation was able to shut off Germany's diamond supply as effectively as water from a tap.

This merely added to Hitler's desperation when he found that the wily British had cleaned out the valuable reserve stocks of the rich Antwerp and Amsterdam trades. He determined to corner the only independent 3 percent of the world's diamond sources which lies outside the British combine.

Thus, during the past year, the scene of the diamond struggle shifted from Europe to South America. Compared with the incredibly


to the markets of Rio de Janeiro. But to a nation whose war industries are already faltering for lack of diamond-dies and diamond-edged cutting tools, any likely source of supply, however sparse or disorganized, becomes priceless beyond reason.

Last Fall German agents were handed their orders, provided with plenty of foreign exchange, and shipped to Brazil via Italian airline. In the diamond markets of Rio they bid up prices until the buyers of neutral countries had to give up in despair. When they encountered restrictions in Rio the Germans beat their way through miles of jungle and dealt with the native miners at the source. According to reliable reports, miners who refused to sell to the Germans were beaten and robbed, and supplies were hijacked in transit between the mines and Rio.

For a while the Germans were obtaining their diamonds, and the British were worried. Apparently Hitler had found a satisfactory loophole in the blockade by which Britain had hoped to break the weakest point in Germany's whole industrial set-up. Then, in the Spring of 1941, the slow but powerful machinery of Western Hemisphere defense was set in motion. Uncle Sam became the sole foreign buyer of Brazilian diamonds. Germany was stalemated again. Some economic experts even declare that the game is over.

But these, after all, have been merely the surface plays. The true significance of this hard-fought game of economic warfare can hardly be understood without some knowledge of the economic importance of the diamond today, and how it advanced from its original status of valuable gem-stone to become one of the most vital elements in modern industrial production.

Traditionally, most people think of diamonds as gems. Their clear, hard, imperishable brilliance has made them one of the most treasured of human possessions, and an



The current death-struggle for diamonds may grind one of the belligerent powers to defeat.

rich, efficiently worked mines of South Africa, the diamond deposits of Brazil seem poor indeed. For years natives have sifted the stones haphazardly from the alluvial soil of rivers deep in the wild, almost impenetrable country of the Minas Geraes and Bahia provinces, shipping the rough stones via mule-pack

The Premier Diamond Mine where the world's largest known diamond was found.

enduring symbol of wealth. However, even in normal times, less than a quarter of the 2½ tons of diamonds mined annually are cut and polished for their intrinsic and ornamental value as jewels. About 75 percent of the total annual supply goes into the factories and machine shops of modern industry where today the diamond is valued only because it is the hardest, toughest, most durable substance known to man, and therefore very valuable.

Right: Lines along which the rough diamond is to be sawed or cleaved are first marked on the stone with ink.

Center: Sorting the rough stones for suitable gem material.

Everyone knows that "only a diamond will cut a diamond". But a diamond, fastened on the end of a cutting tool, will also cut through the hardest steel. Through the firm, precise hole in a diamond-die tons of copper can be drawn to produce wire of uniform size and strength. Diamonds are needed to dress grinding wheels, to test the hardness of alloys, to tip the mining drills that bore through tons of bed-rock. In scores of other ways industrial diamonds are essential to precision metal-working; very often it is the diamond that spells the difference between high-speed, high quality mass production and the older, slower, less exact methods of craftwork.

Consequently, when industrial production undertakes to supply the vast requirements of the modern war machine, the diamond becomes even more vital and indispensable than in peacetime. You can't speed up production of basic machine tools without diamonds; nor, without them, can you mass-produce guns and shells, bombs and field pieces, planes and tanks, to say nothing of the thousands of intricate units that go into the making of a submarine or battleship.

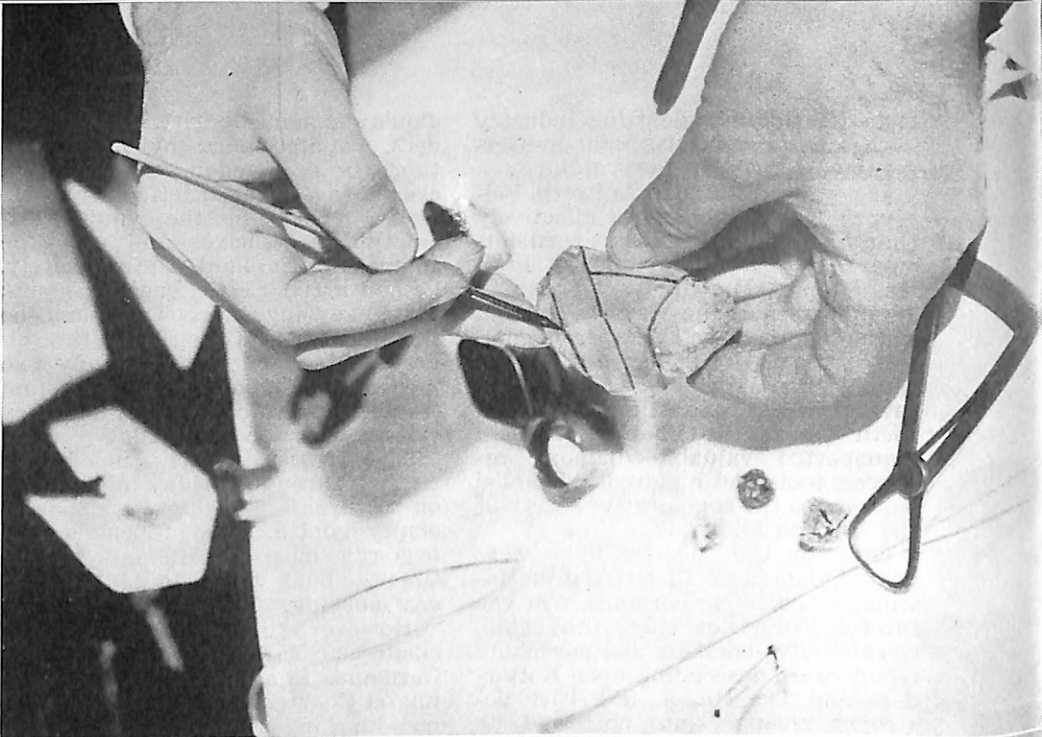
U. S. imports of industrial diamonds increased 40-fold in the ten years between 1929 and 1939. Even on a peacetime basis the average, smalltime American machine shop needed about 100 carats annually to fill its modest requirements; whereas the annual diamond bill of plants in the Detroit area ran up into the millions.

There is no *ersatz* for diamonds. And diamonds are the one commodity in which Germany is almost totally impoverished. Great Britain, on the other hand, has access to virtually an unlimited supply.

Until 1867 most of the fine diamonds sported by kings and potentates and fashionable ladies were grubbed from the sparse and dwindling fields of India. Then a native boy picked up an egg-size stone near Kimberley in South Africa, sold it to an itinerant peddler for a few shillings, and soon the great South African diamond rush was on.

Among the first Englishmen to head for the diamond fields was Cecil Rhodes, destined to become one of the shrewdest and wealthiest of Britain's empire builders. Rhodes, a master organizer, was soon head of De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., owners and operators of the

Right: The facets which give brilliance to the finished diamond are cut on this revolving turntable.

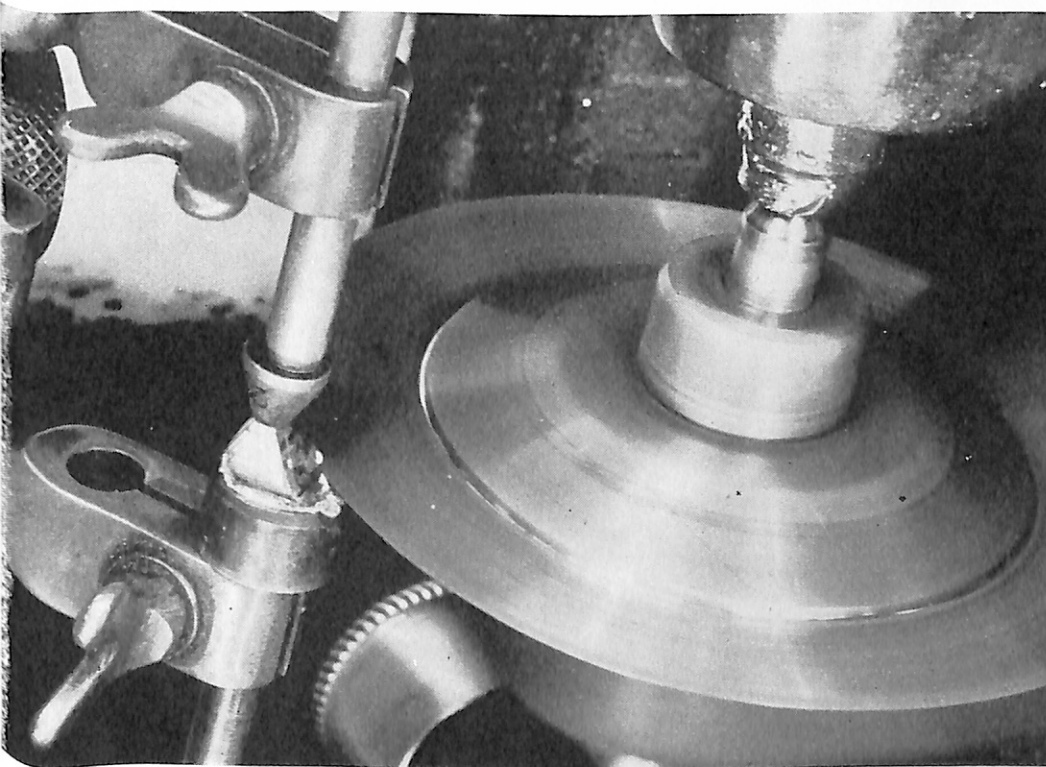


most extensive diamond deposits on the dark continent.

Originally, the diamond's rarity was as much responsible for its value as was its ornamental beauty. But now, with the blue-clay "pipes" of South Africa yielding stones in seemingly limitless quantities, the shrewd operators turned worried eyes to their markets, fearful lest the inexorable law of supply and demand bring the fancy price structure toppling down around their ears. So in London they set up the Diamond Corporation, which gradually absorbed—by purchase or long-term agreements—the other diamond mines of Africa.

When this financial operation was

Below: It takes about 8 hours to cut through a one carat stone with a tiny saw.



complete a clear picture of the most incredible monopoly in history emerged. The mines of South Africa yielded all but about 3 percent of the world's diamonds. And absolute control of these African mines was vested securely in the Diamond Corporation of London. Production, distribution, prices moved only in accordance with the dictates of this diamond cartel.

The big diamond merchants from all parts of the world had to beat an humble path to the door of the sedate greystone building at No. 8 Charterhouse Street, London, where directors of the Diamond Corporation held court. To be granted a "sight" (a diamond buying visit) was a rare privilege clothed in considerable ceremony. The buyer first filed a formal application. If the directors approved, a formal invitation was

then issued, setting a day and hour for the visit. At the appointed hour, the buyer entered the awesome edifice on Charterhouse Street, and mixed lots of rough stones—perfect and imperfect, gems and industrials—were set before him. It was a matter of "take 'em or leave 'em" always. The frock-coated functionaries never stooped to salesmanship. Indeed, one long-lived legend in the diamond trade has it that Diamond Corp. employees always heaved a sigh of relief when a buyer departed without buying anything!

But Charterhouse Street was the nerve-center rather than the geographical hub of the world diamond industry. Most of the stones mined in Africa, marketed in London, were sent to Antwerp and Amsterdam, traditional centers of the diamond-cutting trades. Until the Spring of 1940, the richest aggregations of

diamonds outside the South African mines—or the fabulous treasure-vaults of the Indian princes, where the greatest collections of the world's finest diamonds are said to be stored still—were to be found in the trade sections of these two cities in north-west Europe.

In 1939 total production—of perfect and imperfect gem-stones, and the rough, coarse borts and carbonadoes that become industrial diamonds—reached an all-time high: 12,400,000 carats in weight, valued at approximately \$135,000,000. The United States imported 4,211,000 carats (including 3,569,000 carats of industrial stones) at a cost of \$45,000,000 in that year alone.

But during early 1939 hawk-eyed executives of the Diamond Corporation kept a constant watch over their export trade. Resales of industrial

diamonds, particularly, came under the surveillance of the British secret service. On the eve of war, British economists were confident that they had uncovered a fundamental weakness in Hitler's industrial war plans: Germany's reserves of industrial diamonds were perilously low.

This factor, as much as any other, led to the early predictions that German industry would crack up under the strain of a long war. Hitler's failure to stock up on industrial diamonds, while he still had the chance, may have been due to a lack of foreign exchange. Or it may have been due to over-confidence in a short war and an early German victory.

After September, 1939, diamond buyers seeking a "sight" in Charterhouse Street were solemnly impressed with the fact that they were dealing in munitions of war. Where, formerly, a "sight" had been a privilege, it now entailed grave responsibilities. Firms with known Axis sympathies or connections found themselves left out in the cold. Those who were welcomed to do business as usual were informed bluntly that their affairs were under constant watch, and woe to the buyer who allowed his purchases to reach German hands! This threat of the Diamond Corporation helped to keep even the most recalcitrant dealers in line.

Thus Germany was forced to acquire diamond stocks either by desperate, underground buying, or by outright plunder. The systematic pilfering of the shops and factories of Poland and northern France probably helped some; and, of course, German industry must have benefited to some degree by the diamonds left in the Amsterdam bank vaults. But economists and engineers maintain that, even in the aggregate, such diamond-scavenging is still insufficient to sustain German industry through a long war.

German war-planners saw that there were but two ways out of their industrial diamond crisis. The first, and more logical, was to gain control of the Brazilian supply. The second was so grandiose that it staggered even the Nazis—the conquest of Africa, clear to the south, would give Germany the complete monopoly on the world's diamonds!

Naturally, Hitler attempted his economic assault on South America first. For a while Brazil experienced a small-scale reign of terror. In Rio Nazi agents operated under the supervision of Dr. Kurt Pruefer, German ambassador to Brazil, and they often cloaked their activities in diplomatic immunity to balk any police interference. Sir Geoffrey Knox, the British ambassador, even produced proof that Dr. Pruefer was shipping diamonds out of the country in the German diplomatic pouch, an act which not only violated international law, but also evaded Brazilian export taxes!

Italian diplomats in Rio, it was charged, were only too willing to help

(Continued on page 46)

A Thing

TO LIVE FOR

By Wyatt
Blassingame



There is always a place beyond which a man cannot retreat. There are some things a man is willing to die for.

THE TRIP from Alabama to Florida was tedious for anybody in those days, and for me—I was only nine—it seemed to take years. When finally the schooner reached Weaver's Wharf on the Manatee River there was no holding me any longer and I was the first one onto the wharf, with Father and Mother after me, and then Uncle Ham and Virginia (who had been born belonging to Father's family during slavery days) and their fifteen-year-old boy, Lumbo, carrying the small pile of bags and furnishings which Mother had brought from our old home.

A fat man introduced himself to

Father as Mr. Ed Weaver and said he was glad to meet the new manager of the Burkwell orange grove, and Father said he was certainly glad to be here. Father looked almost as happy and excited as I did. He was a small man with a thin, pleasant face, a kind of expectant face as I remember it, as though he was always waiting for something good to happen to him—not doing anything to help it happen, you understand, but just waiting. He had rheumatism very badly and when it was cold, as it was this February morning, he had to walk with his left shoulder bent a little forward.

But he told Mr. Ed Weaver and the other men on the wharf, as he shook hands all around, that he was already feeling better.

Then all at once there was a hush,



an almost tangible silence into which Father was the only person speaking, his voice pleasant and cheerful. But the others looked away from him with quick, nervous glances to where three men were coming out from the shore, walking abreast and almost filling the wharf from edge to edge.

They were big men with faces cut to a pattern: blunt featured, square, hard beneath shaggy, sandy-colored hair. The only difference in them, it seemed to me, was their ages. The oldest one was about thirty-five, Father's age, and the youngest wasn't much over twenty. All three wore guns.

When they reached us they stopped, still standing abreast and staring at Father. Finally the oldest one began to smile, a little contemptuously. "So *you're* the new manager of the Burkwell orange grove?"

"Yes," Father said. "I'm Dale Searcy. The attorney for the Burkwell estate hired me."

"We're the Jarines," the man said.

The name didn't mean anything to Father. He just stood there small and expectant, smiling a shy, courteous smile. "I could tell you were brothers," he said.

The youngest Jarine said angrily, "You'll damn' soon be able to tell more than that!"

Father looked puzzled. "I don't believe the attorney mentioned your name."

The oldest Jarine said, "That grove belongs to us—least it ought to. We was cheated out of it by damnyankee lawyers when Uncle Hank Burkwell died." He was looking challengingly at Father. "We aim to run that grove," he said clearly, "or it won't be run."

"But I was hired to—"

"Others was hired before you too!" the youngest Jarine said. "But they ain't there now!"

"I knew there had been some sort of dispute over the property," Father said apologetically, "but I was told

When the three reached us they stopped and stared at Father. The oldest one began to smile, a little contemptuously.

it was nothing serious. I'm sorry there's this trouble. I—"

The oldest Jarine (the middle brother never opened his mouth) said, "You'll never get a crop out of that grove. The last overseer didn't even stay to pick the fruit."

He stood there, big, belligerent, waiting for Father to answer—and when Father didn't say anything, but just looked thin and worried, the three of them turned and swaggered off down the wharf.

There was baffled anger in Mother's eyes now and I knew that if it had been her the Jarines talked to the conversation would have gone differently. She was a beautiful woman, golden blonde, taller than Father, strong, and a woman who admired strength in others. She

quarreled with Father sometimes because he didn't "stand up for himself" as she put it, but I had always sided with Father because I believed that whatever Father did was right and just. I knew that he had lost the small fortune he had inherited: "loaned and given it away", Mother said, but it had never occurred to me that anybody could take anything from him, could force him into anything against his will. Back home everybody liked Father. I know now that they had felt a little sorry for him, too—even those who owed him money and knew they would never repay it, not because they couldn't but because they knew he would never press them to, felt sorry for him.

So with no money and no profession, he was glad to take the Florida job—but it was not a reason which meant very much to a child. This scene on the wharf was different. It was a thing I could feel, sense; I felt for the first time in my life that Father had failed, that there had been a challenge here which he had not accepted, though I didn't know exactly what I wished he had done.

The crowd on the wharf broke up. The Negroes carried our baggage ashore. We had midday dinner with Mr. Ed Weaver and then he drove us out in two ox-drawn wagons to the Burkwell orange grove and the house where we were to live. It was a low, sprawling house with a big hallway that was more like a porch through the middle. Mr. Ed Weaver called it a breezeway. The house had never been painted and there was no glass or screens in the windows, just storm shutters that could be let down to keep out the rain.

Lumbo and I didn't pay much attention to the house. It was the grove that interested us: twenty acres of huge seedling trees that looked as big as oaks to me, dark green and glossy; but this was the last of February with only the June fruit and an occasional out-of-season seedling still clinging to the branches.

We were returning up a weed-grown path toward the house when we saw Father and Mr. Ed Weaver, who was about to leave. They didn't see us. The fat man was saying, "Well, if you must know, Mr. Searcy, those holes your wife found in that window shutter were bullet holes. The Jarines put them there while the last overseer was staying here."

Father sounded as though he didn't want to ask, didn't want to know, "They killed him?"

"No. But he left right after that."

"I've spent too much money to get down here," Father said thoughtfully. "And I'm not going to run away. But I hope there'll be no trouble."

The trouble started soon enough. Only two cows belonged in the barn behind the sprawled, unpainted house, so, according to custom, Father went to the cattlemen in the section, trying to get fifty suckers with their calves and the dries that would follow them to pasture in the grove



GUSTAVSON

Illustrated by L. R. GUSTAVSON

Dr. Boyd Harland was standing there with a rifle in his hand. He seemed twice as tall as Father, like an eagle ready to swoop.



at night. This was the only fertilizer used then. But nobody would let Father have any cattle. And without them he knew the crop would be short.

I don't remember much of that, only a feeling of tension, of worry; but I remember clearly the afternoon when Father came back from a trip to Weaver's Wharf and I knew when I saw him get off his horse that something was wrong. His face was drawn as it was sometimes when the rheumatism was on him, an almost yellowish-white with the cheek and jaw bones showing and the eyes deep sunken. But when I asked if he was sick he said, "No . . . no. Of course not," and smiled, a curve of the mouth without humor, so strange that I scarcely knew him.

I talked it over with Lumbo. Trouble meant the Jarines, I knew. "I'll bet Father fixed those Jarines!" I said loudly because I wanted to be sure it was true, I wanted to be sure I believed it—and I did believe it then, because I still felt, believed, hoped, that my Father would always do what was right and honorable, and in a child's mind these things are inextricably bound up with courage. "I'll bet he fixed all three of them!"

"Yeah," Lumbo said, but his voice was so flat I couldn't be sure what he meant—and all at once I was afraid to go on with the subject.

It was a Saturday afternoon some two weeks later, when Lumbo and I were allowed to drive into Weaver's Wharf for supplies, that I learned what had happened. There were several boys playing around the store and they began to yell at me, jeering that my father was a coward who wouldn't fight. The youngest of the Jarines had tried to force him into a fight and Father had backed down; Father had not run, he had simply refused to fight. It did not occur to me that Father could not possibly have won, he with his rheumatic and crippled shoulder and outweighed by fifty pounds; what mattered was that he had failed utterly, that he had not been as big and strong as his opponent. What mattered was that my father was called a coward.

I think that I jumped out of the wagon and tried to catch the boys who were shouting at me, tried to whip them all in one wild terrible explosion of anger and shame; and maybe they licked me instead, or maybe I never even caught them. I don't remember. I remember that some man was holding me while I struggled, saying, "Take it easy. You don't really want to kill anybody, John L. Sullivan," and then he had released me and I was running again, down the flat sandy road away from the store, knowing I could never again face either the boys or the men I had seen there.

Then Lumbo in the wagon had caught up with me and I was riding beside him, silent, hoping we would never get home. We reached home in the thick late twilight and the wagon had not even stopped before I

heard Father call, "Have a good time in town, Bob?" He came forward and lifted the lantern he was carrying and the light of it fell clear upon me and upon his own face.

Standing on the ground he wasn't as tall as I was in the wagon. He wasn't as tall as Lumbo who stood on the ground beside him now, and Lumbo was just a nigger boy. Father's left shoulder hunched a little forward tonight and there were the marks of pain and worry on his thin face though he was smiling as he looked up at me, that pleasant, expectant smile as though he were waiting to hear of the good time I'd had at Weaver's Wharf. But something must have happened to my own face as I remembered he was a coward, for he took a half step backward and all at once he looked as though I had struck him.

"Bob," he said, "what—?"

Then I was out of the wagon and past him, running again, crying again, wanting desperately to get away; because, you see, I still loved him. I despised him for the humiliation I had suffered, and I loved him for the unnumbered, innumerable reasons, no one of which I could have named.

I think Mother knew what had happened, though she never spoke of it; but sometimes I would see her looking at Father with a curious, mask-like look which she sometimes got in accepting burdens she believed were part of God's will. And when Father would turn and see her expression his face would twitch as though the rheumatism had struck him violently. For he worshipped Mother and he was very very proud of her.

It was about this time when I first saw Dr. Boyd Harland.

Lumbo and I were playing in the sand road when we heard the sound of voices and horses' hoofs, the quick soft turn of wheels. Lumbo said, "Oh Lawd!" and dived headlong into the bushes beside me. Crouching there, peering through the leaves, I saw Dr. Boyd Harland for the first time.

He was riding in a buggy behind a beautiful night-black mare. Under the buggy trotted two big hounds and on each side rode one of the Jarine boys. But I scarcely noticed them for staring at Dr. Harland. Even though he was sitting down I could tell he was tall. His hair was black and thick, brushed back from his forehead. He lounged comfortably in the buggy; yet he was like an eagle on a bare cypress limb, poised and ready for flight.

When they were far out of sight Lumbo stood up, his face gray-black with fear. "That was Dr. Boyd Harland," he said.

It was the first time I had heard the name. "Who's he?"

"He kills niggers," Lumbo said. "That's what he keeps them hound dogs for, to chase niggers. He kills all the niggers he sees."

I had been raised in Alabama in a section where more than half the
(Continued on page 42)

In the DOGHOUSE



Keystone

with Ed Faust

**Mr. Faust, who speaks their language,
tells us what our dogs want for Christmas.**

A CERTAIN publishing friend of ours, portly and somewhat serious-minded, isn't exactly what you'd call a tippler. But when he does dally with the Demon Drink anything might happen including the following . . . which did.

It was the night before Christmas . . . but we'll let him tell you the story just as he told it to us:

"Ed, for nearly nine weeks I'd been working like a horse. Harder. Getting out that new magazine of mine. Rasslin' with writers, artists, engravers, printers and, on top of that, hustling for advertising. At it night and day and with less help

than you'd give a burglar, or maybe I misjudge you. It was tough but come the day before Christmas everything was okay, in the hands of the printer, ready for the presses to roll.

"In all that time, so help me Hannah! I hadn't had a drop. But with the work wound up and it being the day before the holiday Poppa felt he'd earned a nip or two.

"Just as I was leaving the office the phone rang. It was my Spare-rib wanting to know what time I'd get home and would I pick up Rufus on the way. Earlier in the day she had left him at the vet's with the

whim-whams or something. Now, you know what she thinks of that cat. Christmas around the house would have been a bust for all of us, especially me, if her Rufus wasn't there. By the way, you knew I moved to the country didn't you? The drive out brings me through the town where the wife's Itsy-Bitsy was parked.

"Well sir, I finally got started after putting away a few celebration snorts and let me tell you after that drought they were just what the doctor ordered.

"At the vet's I accumulated Rufus and went on my way. Before long I noticed that my gas and liquor were running low so I stopped off at a life-saving station to refuel. In that place was one of the biggest Angora cats I'd ever seen. The manager was pretty stuck-up about his cat and after a few drinks I offered to bet him that my cat was bigger than his. He took me up on it and I went back to the car and got Rufus. We compared cats but I don't remember which cat was biggest. All I know is that about a quarter mile this side of my home is a roadhouse where I made a final stop. I'd forgotten about Rufus but when I did look on the back seat, my gosh, Ed, he was gone! I must have made a racket calling for him because a waiter came out, along with a young couple in evening clothes. They all helped me hunt for Rufus—but no cat. The young folks were a bit noisy but they said they were cat fanciers and seemed to take the search as a labor of love.

"We decided that the thing to do was to walk back along the road on a chance that Rufus might have fallen out of the car. We did and we took turns calling Pussy, Pussy, Here Rufus. Here Pussy, but still no cat. I think we disturbed the neighbors. I do know that we lost our bearings because I remember getting shooed off the grounds of some estate by a gatekeeper. After a while the couple with me got tired of the whole thing and suggested that I go away back to the place where I'd compared cats. The idea being that maybe I mislaid Rufus there.

"I got back to that place just as it was closing and by golly! there was my Rufus sitting on the bar fraternizing with the manager and his Angora!

"Did you ever curse a cat? Well, I have.

"The sun was beginning to come up when I got home. Jane was there, waiting . . . at the door. When I told her why I stayed out all night—looking for Rufus—and how tired I was she just looked at me as though I was the biggest liar on earth. About a week later she got around to speaking to me again. It helped when I offered to take her to dinner and the movies in New York. On the way to the city we stopped to eat where I had found Rufus and the first thing the manager said was "How's your
(Continued on page 53)

Here's Mr. Trullinger on Florida fishing of all kinds—and all good.

by Ray Trullinger

DOES any prospective fugitive from the Zero Belt crave a bit of real, Grade A sailfishing this winter? Along with good quail shooting, black bass fishing second to none together with other piscatorial divertissements of a dozen kinds? Now don't shove, boys. Let's be little gentlemen about this business, remember our party manners and Uncle Ray will break down and tell all.

First, get out a Florida road map and run your finger down U.S. No. 1 to a point about 30 miles north of Palm Beach. There you'll see a dot marked Stuart, and there, chums, you'll find the best and fastest sailfishing on Florida's coast. And all those other lil' attractions previously mentioned.

Other resort towns along the East Coast which cater to the angling trade probably will dispute the above, but we're passing along the real McCoy in this instance and not Malarkey. The waters off St. Lucie Inlet, reached in about an hour's run from Stuart, are the sailfisherman's heaven, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

The number of sails taken in that area last winter was something for the book. Everybody and his Aunt Minnie caught 'em. Not one or two in a day's trolling, but five, eight and, in some instances, a dozen. On several different occasions your reporter had five fish chasing his skipping lure at one time. Anglers caught and released so many sails they frequently switched to reef fishing, bass plugging and surf casting for a change of pace. It was that good, and you can have a modest wager it will be equally good this winter.

One amusing incident which illustrates the caliber of Stuart sailfishing was related to me by Capt. Herb Schoenberg, one of Florida's crack offshore fishing guides. A frustrated angler, who'd previously spent a tidy sum in a more southerly resort without realizing his ambition to catch a sailfish, approached Skipper Herb and made him a proposition.

"I'll pay you \$50 if you'll take me out tomorrow, but only if I land a sail." (The regular daily charter fee runs from \$25 to \$35 per day.) "But I want it understood that you haven't a dime coming if we come back skunked."

Herb mulled that over for a moment and then made him a counter proposition.

"Tell you what I'll do," he replied. "I'll take you out and give you your first sailfish free, if you'll pay me \$30 for every fish we land after the first one."

The customer thought that one over and decided he'd just charter Herb and his boat at the regular fee,

and take his chances. And it was just as well, because the bargaining angler hooked about a dozen fish and landed eight of them. That catch, even with the first fish free, would have set the angler back \$210. Which would have been rather a stiff price to pay, even for a good day's sailfishing.

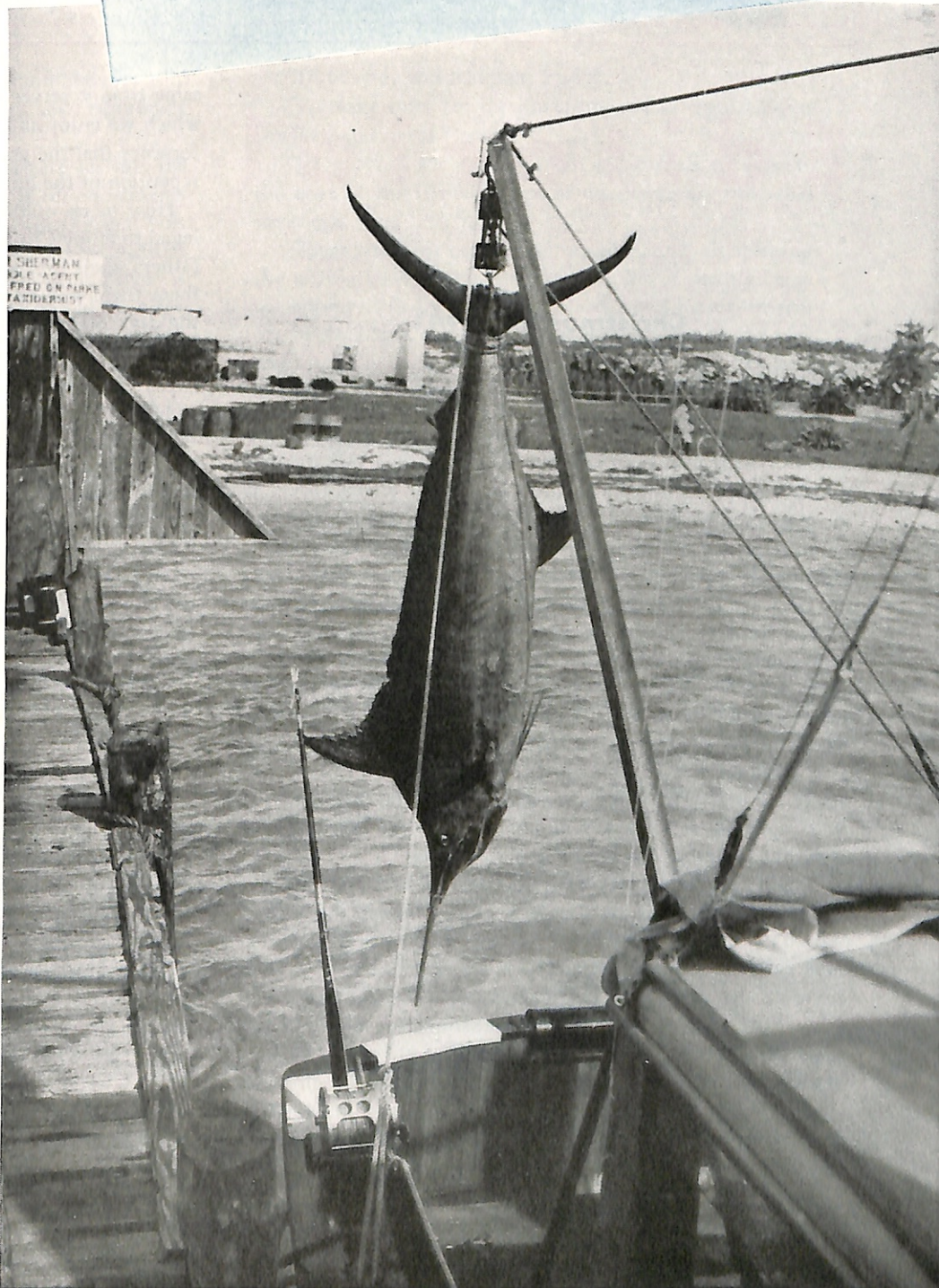
Stuart has much to offer those

winter vacationists whose bankrolls won't stand the bite of offshore fishing cruiser expense.

There is, for instance, inexpensive inlet and river fishing in St. Lucie. Small, inboard-powered skiffs can be rented at reasonable cost for these games, and the fisherman has his choice of trolling, casting or bottom fishing for a dozen or more varieties

(Continued on page 52)

Rod AND Gun





Editorial

Christmas of 1941

THE Christmas season of 1941 is now demanding attention. The stores will soon be crowded with shoppers seeking the gifts which will bring good cheer to the thousands of recipients both old and young. It is a task but one which brings joy and satisfaction for we all realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive. With this thought uppermost in our minds we proceed to accumulate the presents which will contribute to the happiness of others. On checking over the list we doubtless will discover that we have overlooked someone whom we wish to remember. Perhaps there are a number of such so it's back to the stores now crowded with shoppers that we must go. The difficulties of the task have now increased many fold and we appreciate more than formerly the oft-repeated admonition to shop early. Finally it is all done, the presents are wrapped, tied with ribbons and ready for delivery. What a sense of satisfaction then comes to you replacing that tired, worn out feeling for which you at one time thought there could be no palliative.

You then take up your daily routine and find that you have failed to keep track of the wars raging across the waters. There isn't much that is new, just the same story of unspeakable carnage, just the same conflicting reports but all adding up to greater destruction of property and ever-mounting loss of life. Your mind turns from the contemplation of the happy days of Christmas here at home to what those in the war-ridden countries have to look forward to—the innumerable dead, the wounded, the destruction of homes, the loss of family ties and the utter desolation which always follows in the wake of war. The contrast is far from pleasing but at the

same time it serves to impress upon your mind the blessings which we enjoy and to renew your prayers and redouble their fervency that the good Lord will continue to protect us from a repetition of the horrors of war.

How many of these homes in foreign lands will be privileged to enjoy Christmas? How many children have lost their fathers, their brothers and others near and dear to them? For them there will be no Santa Claus, no joyful anticipation of the day. Many will be hungry when our children surround the table loaded down with all those viands which go to make up a typical American Christmas dinner.

Let us not dwell on this picture of distress in foreign lands but return to our own land with an increased appreciation of the blessings which we enjoy. Then, too, let's not forget our less fortunate Brothers at the National Home. They are looking forward to the day, hoping they will not be forgotten. They must not be disappointed. You may rest assured that money or presents sent to Brother Robert Scott, Superintendent of the Home, will be apportioned among them equitably, or you may designate those to whom you desire your gifts to go with the assurance that your wish will be followed and the recipient advised as to who thus remembered him. Help to make Christmas at the Home a happy day for all.

Keep 'Em Flying!

PERMISSION has been granted the Elks National Defense Commission to use a full page of your Magazine to keep before our membership the important and patriotic work in which it is engaged. This page will be found interesting as well as helpful to those who desire to be of assistance to our Government during the present emergency and this includes every member of our great, American Order of Elks.

We all recall with pride and satisfaction the assistance which we were able to extend our Government during the World War. The situation now is very different from what it was then, but perhaps even a greater opportunity for practical assistance is presented. The Defense Commission is studying the problem in its various phases and is presenting



Drawings by John J. Floherty, Jr.

to our readers plans for cooperation which should be carefully read and when read should be promptly and vigorously acted upon.

It is now stressing the importance of soliciting recruits for the Flying Cadet Corps of the Army and calls for enlistments in this service to the number of 25,000 by Christmas. This seems like a large order but it can be met if we get back of the proposition with the usual push and enthusiasm which is characteristic of our Order. For full particulars read the page in the various issues of your Magazine which is sponsored by the National Defense Commission and act on the suggestions therein made.

It is fortunate that the members of this Commission are known to be men of high ideals and well equipped and qualified to represent our Order in the present emergency, but they cannot do all that is necessary to do to obtain the results which will reflect credit on our Fraternity. They can and will point the way but it is up to each individual Elk to do his full share in order that the result may be recognized as another contribution of our Order to the safety and defense of our beloved country.

Certain Constitutional Powers

IT IS never improper to print the Constitution of the United States or any part thereof. Without comment we call attention to the following excerpts from Section 8 of Article I which it is well to keep in mind in these days of national unrest. It is provided *inter alia* that Congress has the following powers:

"To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the law of nations.

"To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water.

"To raise and support armies, but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years.

"To provide and maintain a navy.

"To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces.

"To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions.

"To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress.

"To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof."

Our National Colors

ONE year ago in these columns we published a statement with reference to our national colors and that for which each color stands. We were not advised as to the author. Many letters were received expressing appreciation of the sentiments expressed. Recently another statement as to the symbolism of the colors in our flag has come to our attention. It is only slightly different from that published in December of last year but looking to the reception accorded the former statement, we here print the new or revised statement and regret that we are unable to give credit to its author. It could well be printed and reprinted as it appeals to all those who are familiar with the ode to the flag which is part of our ritual.

The new or revised version is as follows:

"The red is for valor, zeal and fervency; the white for hope, purity and rectitude of conduct; the blue, the color of heaven, for reverence to God, loyalty, sincerity, justice and truth."



Left: E.R. Victor Kuhl and Mayor R. J. McCutcheon are shown with Army officials when St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge presented an American Flag to that city.

Buffalo, N.Y., Lodge Regains its Home and Rebuilds its Membership

A perfect demonstration of how a lodge can reconstruct itself after a period in which its home has been lost, its membership has decreased and its activities have been curtailed, has been made by Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23. After a long absence, the lodge is once again in possession of the magnificent edifice which it built in the heart of downtown Buffalo in 1926 and surrendered in 1934 under the weight of an \$800,000 mortgage. The original cost was \$1,225,000 exclusive of furnishings; the repurchased price was only \$125,000 and the terms were liberal.

E.R. John P. Abbott took the necessary steps, encouraged by the impressive efforts put forth by P.E.R. Harry R. Darling of Rochester Lodge, D.D. in 1940-41 for N. Y., West. Mr. Darling was supported by another Past Exalted Ruler of Rochester Lodge, Frank T. Joyce, who assumed command of No. 23's reinstatement drive. The veterans of Buffalo Lodge were organized into teams of 20 men each. The campaign moved forward consistently as they worked energetically under the stimulating influence of General Chairman H. William Pollack, a fellow-member and Sheriff of Erie County. On October 5, 233 names were added to the roster by reinstatement and initiation, 38 of the candidates being under 30 years of age. Where the total membership had dropped to 800, the roll had reached 1,400 by October 15. The reinstatement campaign accounted for the return of approximately 300 in 30 days.

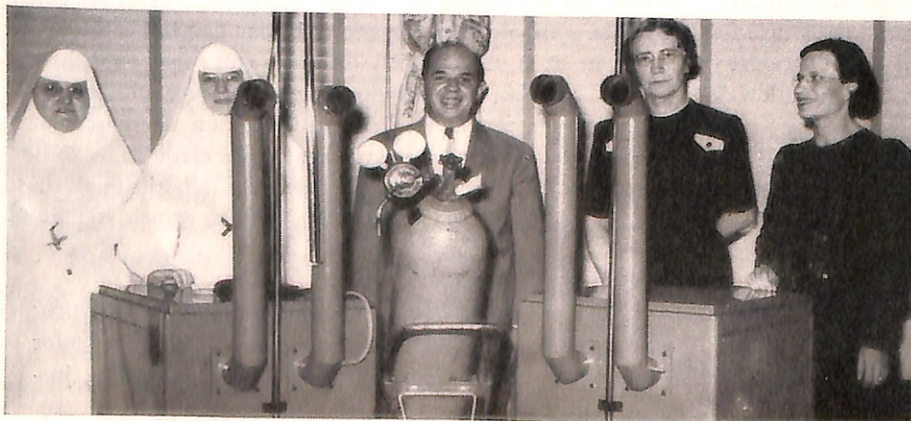
The reclaiming procedure awakened wide civic interest as the building, strictly a one-purpose structure, was on the verge of being razed. The program has been worked out with bankers and others interested in the aims of the lodge. Under the leadership of the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Abbott, the membership voted the repurchase, and on September 10, 1941, the lodge held its first initiation in the home after a seven-year absence.

District Deputies of Indiana Hold Conference at Indianapolis

The 22nd annual conference of District Deputies with Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the State of Indiana was held at the Claypool Hotel in Indianapolis on Sunday, October 5, with State Pres. Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees officiating. Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, of Atlanta, Ga., Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, of Boston, Mass., and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, Ill., Arnold Westermann, Louisville, Ky., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, Claude E. Thompson of Frankfort, Ind., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Dr. C. E. Duff, Lawrenceville, Pres. of the Illinois State Elks Assn., and Robert A. Scott of Linton, Ind., Lodge, Superintendent of the Elks National Home, were guest speakers. All gave interesting talks and praised the Elks of Indiana for the fine showing made by their State. The Indiana Elks Chanters from Terre Haute, declared national champions at the Grand Lodge Convention at Philadelphia, entertained during the meeting,

Under the **ANTLERS**

Below: A photograph taken when Lima, Ohio, Lodge presented oxygen tents to St. Rita's Hospital and Memorial Hospital.



At right are the members of the Riverside, Calif., Lodge Ritualistic Team, which won the 1941 State Championship.

Below, right: The Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge Slow Pitch Softball team, Civic League and City Champions.

and their beautiful and appropriate songs were enjoyed by the more than 300 Elks in attendance.

Each of the five District Deputies—Roy J. Jorg, Ligonier, W. C. Knowles, LaFayette, Rex F. Congleton, Frankfort, Simpson M. Stoner, Greencastle, and Preston W. Loveland, Jeffersonville,—held separate district meetings on Sunday morning after which a reception was given in honor of the Grand Lodge officers. A delicious luncheon was served at 1 p.m. The general meeting was held in the afternoon. All of the officers and members of the subordinate lodges pledged full support of the programs of the Grand Lodge and the Indiana State Elks Association.

Cornerstone Ceremonies Are Held By Lancaster, California, Lodge

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George D. Hastings, of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, was the principal speaker at ceremonies conducted by the officers of Lancaster, Calif., Lodge, No. 1625, during which the cornerstone of the new lodge home was laid. Mr. Hastings paid high tribute to the officers and members who had been able to bring about the construction of a new edifice in just two years after their lodge's institution. P.E.R.'s John F. McNeil and John W. Allen were in charge of arrangements. A banquet was held at 5:30 p.m. at the Valley Club Cafe in honor of the Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and other visiting dignitaries.

The evening meeting was featured by the initiation of a large class of candidates, the Ritual being exemplified by the officers of Santa Monica Lodge No. 906. P.D.D.'s James J. McCarthy, of Santa Monica, and Raymond C. Crowell, of Pasadena, both of whom rendered great service in the organization of Lancaster Lodge, were introduced by E.R. Thomas A. Dearth. A program, presented by the 100 members of the Santa Monica Band, Drill Team and Glee Club, brought the evening to a close.

Decorah Elks Drill Team Initiates A Class for Oelwein, Ia., Lodge

Forty-two members of a class of 62 were initiated into Oelwein, Ia., Lodge, No. 741, at a Fall meeting. As inclement weather prevented the rest of the candidates from attending, the initiation of a second group was scheduled to take place at an early date.

The initiatory work was performed by the State championship Drill Team from Decorah Lodge No. 443. The Team was accompanied by the Junior Decorah Drum and Bugle Corps, an aggregation of talented boys between the ages of seven and fourteen years. An appetizing dinner, with covers laid for 250 guests, preceded the meeting.

Above, right, is the State Champion Ritualistic Team of Niles, Mich., Lodge, pictured with the State Ritualistic Trophy

Right is shown the fully equipped safety car presented by Aberdeen, S.D., Lodge to their City this Fall.



St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Makes Impressive Patriotic Gesture

In keeping with the patriotic spirit of its entire membership, St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, made three flag presentations in one month's time. The first was a feature of exercises dedicating and opening the new beach recreation center for enlisted men stationed at Tampa's MacDill Field, southeastern Army Air Base. Also a highlight of the ceremonies was the

presentation by the St. Petersburg Chamber of Commerce of a magnificent flagpole in keeping with the size and beauty of the American Flag which was the gift of the Elks.

The first American Flag unfurled from the new U. S. Maritime Service Training School at St. Petersburg was presented to the School by Est. Loyal Knight Morris A. Spooner when the School was dedicated. The ceremonies were broadcasted over two stations and were attended by high ranking officials



of the U. S. Maritime Commission and the U. S. Navy and Coast Guard, members of the Florida Congressional Delegation, city officials and members of St. Petersburg Lodge. Presentation of the Flag was made immediately after the School had been turned over to its first Commandant, Lieutenant Commander W. W. Kenner, by Captain Edward McCauley of the Maritime Commission, Washington, D. C. Commander Kenner's acceptance was his first official act. The Flag was unfurled from the staff on the grounds in the presence of the officers and enlisted personnel, drawn up in military formation, and 250 guests.

The third gift was a large American Flag for the city of St. Petersburg, presented by E.R. Victor W. Kuhl, accepted officially by Mayor R. J. McCutcheon, Jr., and saluted reverently by a large audience assembled in Williams Park for the ceremonies.

Pomona, Calif., Lodge Sponsors Work of Physically Handicapped

The work of the Indoor Sports Club of Pomona, Calif., a social organization of physically handicapped men and women, is sponsored by Pomona Lodge No. 789. Members of the Flag Division of the Club make American Flags from American material donated by American citizens. The Flags are for public sale. The object is to give the workers a paying vocation, a constructive outlook on life and an opportunity to contribute something tangible to the defense effort.

The first official purchase, a hand-sewn emblem to be used by Pomona Lodge, was made by Secretary John Combe, Jr., at opening ceremonies held in quarters donated by the City Council. The project was suggested by William C. Crolius. Material and power sewing machines were obtained through the efforts of Stanley R. Larrabee, Chairman of the Elks Sponsoring Committee, assisted by Est. Lead. Knight Homer L. Duffy and Trustee Norris Wilkinson.

W. Va., North, P.E.R.'s Assn. Meets at Sistersville Lodge

At the meeting on October 12 of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of West Virginia, North, held at Sistersville, Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner was honored with the initiation of 16 candidates, members of a class bearing Mr. Kepner's name. The State championship ritualistic team Mr. Kepner's lodge, of Wheeling, W. Va., No. 28, was in charge of the initiatory work.

Plans for the meeting, which was largely attended, were made by Sistersville Lodge No. 333. E.R. Roy C. Heinlein, Vice-Pres. of the W. Va. State



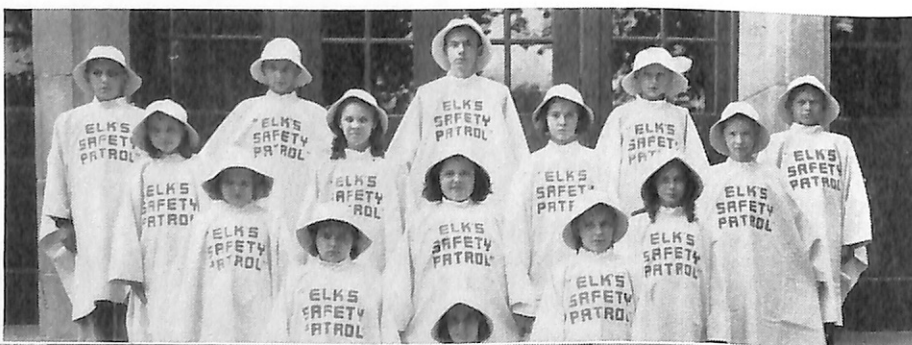
NAME	HIGH SINGLE	NAME	HIGH TRIPLE	NAME	HIGH
WEISEL	208	STICKLE	544	ZIEGL	
G H	208	WEISEL	532	JANO	
Z	207	WEISEL	525	WEISEL	
	221	E RITTER	553	NEIL	
	219	NEIL	553	G M S	
	215	WORKMAN	550	BLEI	
	234	BARTHOLOMEW	624	ZETTL	
	225	SCHOLL	583	GROSS	
	216	BERNHARD	583	BARTHO	
	248	STAUFFER SR	610	KEL	
	239	S DULD	604	CH	
	233	VAR GO	596	ST	
	54	R STIMMEL	644	M	

At top: Members of Portland, Me., Lodge are photographed with one of the "Drive Safely" signs which the Lodge's safety committee is having placed in and around their city.

Above are Pete Stauffer, Jr., and Pete Stauffer, Sr., who captained rival teams for the bowling championship of Allentown, Pa., Lodge. The younger man's team was victorious.

Below is the Elks Safety Patrol of the Bellefonte, Pa., Public Schools, which is outfitted and sponsored by the members of Bellefonte Lodge.

At bottom is the "Under 30" division of a class of 273 members which was initiated into Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge during its "Reinstatement Campaign".





At top are twenty new members of Salamanca, N. Y., Lodge, who were initiated by the Ritualistic Team of Albion, N. Y., Lodge during the 35th Anniversary celebration of Salamanca Lodge.

Below: The Kent, Ohio, Lodge team which won first place in the First Ohio Bowling Tournament held at Columbus.



Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. E. J. McCormick and Elk officials are shown during the purchase by the members of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge of \$36,000 worth of Defense Bonds.

At bottom are Elks who honored Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George D. Hastings at Pasadena, Calif., Lodge.

Elks Assn. and Pres. of the P.E.R.'s Assn., presided. Twelve lodges from three States were represented. Charles J. Schmidt, of Tiffin, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., and Don P. Fleming, Parkersburg, Pres. of the W. Va. State Elks Assn., were included in the large number of Elk dignitaries who were present. Mr. Kepner was presented with a beautiful wrist watch, a gift from the Sistersville membership.

Cumberland, Md., Elks Honor D.D. C. G. Hawthorne on Official Visit

D.D. Charles G. Hawthorne, of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, was the honor guest of the western Maryland lodges on his official visit to the district in October. During his stay of several days in the vicinity, he was accompanied on each of his visitations by all of the officers of Cumberland Lodge No. 63.

Mr. Hawthorne was entertained at dinner at a local hotel prior to his visit to the Cumberland Lodge home. A fine representation of the membership attended. At the meeting afterward, a large class of candidates was initiated in his honor by the local officers whose splendid ritualistic work at the recent convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association retained the championship for Cumberland Lodge. The highlight of the meeting was the moving address given by the District Deputy on "The Elks Americanism Opportunities Today". In keeping with the patriotic tenor of the occasion, a regular naval officer was invited to speak on the subject, "The Naval Set-up in National Defense". The meeting was largely attended by members of No. 63 and many out-of-town Elks. An oyster supper was served after the meeting.



Muskegon, Mich., Lodge Gives Its Annual Father-Daughter Party

Several hundred daughters of members were guests at the second annual Father-Daughter Banquet held by Muskegon, Mich., Lodge, No. 274, in the lodge home. The daughters, including children as young as four years of age, enjoyed the novelty of being escorted to the party by their fathers, with no motherly supervision.

E.R. Harry P. Bitzer opened the after-dinner program and also introduced the Toastmaster, Probate Judge Stephen H. Clink. Fred M. Breuninger spoke on the lodge's history. Miss Eloise Young gave the Toast to Fathers. Entertainment consisted of a vaudeville show, in which many of the young ladies assisted the professionals. A "diploma" was given each entertainer by General Chairman John Olsen. An hour of ballroom dancing brought the evening's festivities to a close.

Below is a photograph of the highly successful Softball Team of Bismarck, N. D., Lodge.

Above are those who attended the Father-Daughter Banquet which was held recently by Muskegon, Mich., Lodge.

Elko, Nevada, Officers Initiate Class for Twin Falls, Ida., Lodge

Twin Falls, Ida., Lodge, No. 1183, opened the Fall season with a meeting in which 20 members of Elko, Nev., Lodge, No. 1472, including the officers, participated. Eleven candidates were initiated for the host lodge by the visiting officers headed by E.R. J. Leslie Carter.

A highlight of the evening was a concert by the Twin Falls Elks Americanism Band, made up of seniors and juniors from the Twin Falls high school. The terraced stage was carpeted in purple, and in the balcony were flags depicting the development of the present American flag. The turnout of 225 members set a record.

At bottom: The members of Newcomers-town, Ohio, Lodge present a Resuscitator to their city.

Great Falls, Montana, Lodge Celebrates Golden Anniversary

Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, observed its 50th anniversary with a Golden Jubilee Celebration commencing on Thursday, September 11, and continuing through Saturday. The first event was a dinner at the home of the lodge for local and visiting Elks and their ladies. Then followed an open meeting at which Frank R. Venable, of Butte Lodge, Pres. of the Mont. State Elks Assn., was the guest speaker. His address, and also that part of the program in which the Great Falls Drum and Bugle Corps gave a demonstration of its accomplishments, were broadcasted over Station WKBB.

E.R. T. W. Midkiff presided at the meeting and also made the welcoming address. In a brief speech, P.E.R. W. S. Frary, one of the three living charter members, traced the progress of the lodge and spoke with pleasure of a coming event, the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home, scheduled to take place within the next few weeks. A fine floor show was presented. The several acts were interspersed with short talks made by some of the State officers, other distinguished Montana Elks and several of the lodge's old-time members. The attendance was large and included more than 100 Elks and ladies from neighboring cities.

A social session was held on Friday evening. The old-timers were honored guests at an old-fashioned dance on Saturday night. During the celebration, the valuable services rendered by the late Charles Wegner were recalled. He was Secretary of Great Falls Lodge for 30 years.

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Holds Its 10th Annual Coon Hunt

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, held its 10th annual Coon Hunt and Barbecue on September 18 at the Elks Fort Harrison Country Club. Approximately 3,500 Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri and Indiana Elks and their friends enjoyed the fun. Noon and evening meals were served.

This year an actual coon chase was staged. The skeet and trap ranges were popular throughout the day and a golf match was featured in which big-name players participated. Wayne Timberman and Terre Haute Lodge's own Pro, Don Swisher, won four to three over Walter Hagen and John Montague. Four exciting boxing bouts concluded the evening program. The lodge plans to hold its 11th Annual Hunt in September, 1942, and all Elks are invited to attend.



Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, with his three cows, each of which gave birth to twin calves. Mr. Warner presents one of his prize cattle to the Elks National Home each year.

Below, right, is the float entered by Sharon, Pa., Lodge in that city's Centennial Celebration.

Activities of Greeley, Colo., Lodge, Practical and Social

Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, assisted materially in the city's aluminum drive which brought in a total of well over 5,000 pounds. Even after the main load had been dispatched by county truck to the warehouse in Denver, gift aluminum continued to come in, and the contributions were received on the front porch of the lodge home. P.E.R. Spencer S. Trent was chairman of the Drive. A broadcast was made by J. Walter Lee, a member of the lodge who was in charge of publicity.

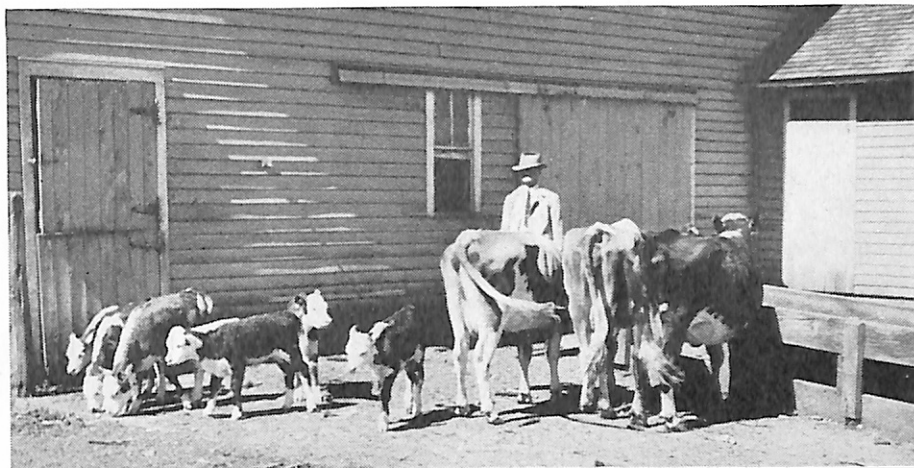
Greeley Lodge gave its annual family picnic at Island Grove Park with between twelve and thirteen hundred Elks and guests in attendance. The sports events included a round of games and contests and a buffalo barbecue was served. One feature of the afternoon entertainment was a fast, hard-fought ball game between the Greeley Junior Chamber of Commerce team and the Old Timers, made up largely of college and former college players.

Cadillac, Mich., Lodge Presents Fine Library to Local Hospital

Through the generosity of Cadillac, Mich., Lodge, No. 680, Mercy Hospital, one of Cadillac's most deserving institutions, has come into possession of a fine library valued at more than \$2,000. The lodge plays a useful part in community cooperation.

District Deputy L. A. Peters Passes Away at Boone, Iowa

Dr. L. A. Peters, one of the best known and most esteemed Elks in Iowa, P.E.R. and Trustee of Boone Lodge No. 563, passed away shortly after he had been appointed District Deputy for the Iowa Northeast District by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland. Funeral services were held at the Sacred Heart Church where a requiem mass was solemnized. The impressive Ritual of

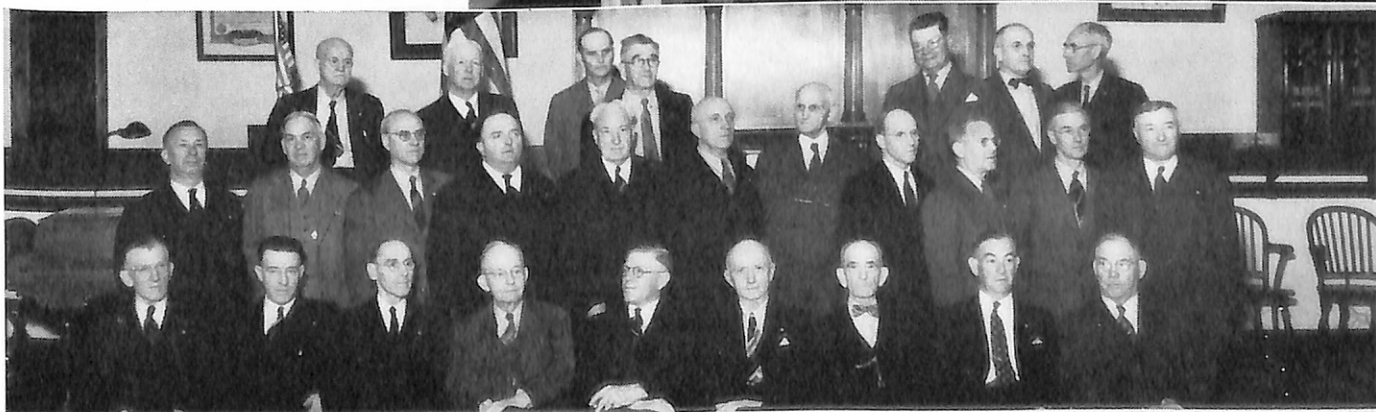


the Order of Elks was conducted, with Harry N. Moetzel of Des Moines Lodge, Pres. of the Ia. State Elks Assn., acting as Exalted Ruler. He was assisted by Past State Pres. Arthur P. Lee, of Mar-

shalltown, P.D.D.'s A. D. Bailey, Fort Dodge, and James J. Deering, Boone, and P.E.R. Fred M. Steele, also of Boone Lodge. The Grand Lodge was represented by Clyde E. Jones of Ottumwa,

Right: The Glee Club of Troy, Ohio, Lodge.

Below are those honored at the "Old Timers" meeting of Medford, Ore., Lodge.





Left: Four generations of the Riesenman Family, left to right, Joseph Riesenman, Jr., Sr., and III, all members of Franklin, Pa., Lodge, and, in the foreground, Joseph Riesenman, IV.

Left, center: Troy, Ohio, Lodge officers and a candidate, photographed with D.D. John W. Schuller during his recent visit.

Below, left: Members of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge present valuable equipment to the Citizens General Hospital.



hands of E.R. James E. O'Neil. The presentations were made by P.E.R. James T. Finlen, Jr., P.D.D. It was his privilege and pleasure to present one of the pins to his father who has been a resident of Butte since its earliest days. Also a recipient was P.E.R. Harry A. Gallwey who served the Montana State Elks Association as President in 1902. More than 300 members attended. Many visiting Elks were present including D.D. Carl A. Nyman, of Helena, P.D.D. Charles E. Johnson, Missoula, First State Vice-Pres. James F. Higgins, Helena, E.R. Ralph E. Thorson, Anaconda, and P.E.R. Edward Maloney, Livingston.

Father Installs Son as Exalted Ruler of Paterson, N. J., Lodge

The youngest Exalted Ruler in New Jersey, Robert J. Wegner, aged 28 years, heads Paterson, N. J., Lodge's present staff of officers. His installation was unique in the annals of the lodge; he was inducted into office by his father, P.D.D. John C. Wegner, P.E.R. of Paterson Lodge No. 60.

Prominent Elks from all parts of New Jersey witnessed the ceremony. Among the guests were William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and P.E.R. A. Harry Moore of Jersey City Lodge, Past Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and former Governor of the State. The new Exalted Ruler was the recipient of many gifts, and the retiring Exalted Ruler, Edward G. Weiss, was presented with a baby grand piano.

Pasadena, California, Elks Honor George D. Hastings

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, on September 30, honored and entertained Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George D. Hastings, of Glendale Lodge No. 1289. In Mr. Hastings Pasadena Lodge has always had a fine friend, and it was a real homecoming-night when the members were given the opportunity of offering their congratulations and demon-

strating their appreciation. Mr. Hastings is a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Also attending were State Vice-Pres. Leland Rausch of Perry Lodge, a large number of Exalted Rulers, and members of Ames, Webster City, Boone, Fort Dodge, Perry, Des Moines and Marshalltown Lodges.

Mr. Peters was born in Boone in 1899. In 1922 he established dental offices in his home city where he practiced his profession with great success up to the time of his last illness. He was jovial and happy in disposition, thoughtful of others, and always among the first to lend assistance to those in need.

Butte, Mont., Elks Assemble To Honor Forty-Year Members

Thirteen members initiated into Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, forty or more years ago, were honored at a recent meeting and presented with 40-year class pins. Eleven more, who were unable to be present, received their pins

in the mail. Dates of initiation varied between 1896 and 1901, the honors in this respect going to Harry U. Doering, who became a member in 1896.

It was a real "red letter" occasion, beginning with a baked ham dinner followed by a short informal social session after which the meeting was held. Speeches, music and entertainment were features of the program. Arrangements for the evening were in the capable



At right and on opposite page are photographed those members of White Plains, N.Y., Lodge who attended their 1941 Annual Clambake.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland is photographed with distinguished Georgia Elks at Thomasville, Ga., Lodge.

Right are 40-year members of the Order who were honored by Butte, Mont., Lodge at a recent meeting.

strating the esteem with which he is regarded.

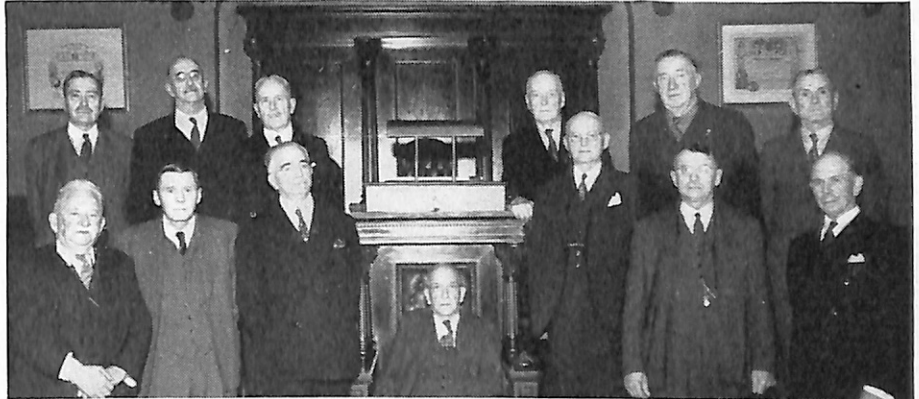
Many distinguished guests brought greetings from lodges in various parts of California. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles, and L. A. Lewis of Anaheim, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, attended. Pasadena Lodge was among the first lodges of the State to honor Mr. Hastings after his return from Philadelphia where his high office was conferred upon him by the Grand Lodge.

Boise, Ida., Lodge Holds Its Tenth Annual Golf Tournament

Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, staged its 10th Annual Golf Tournament recently with a fine entry list of 94 players. Included among the golfers were 16 Elks from Nampa, Ida., 10 from Caldwell, Ida., one from Twin Falls, Ida., and one from Seattle, Wash. A Flight for Past Exalted Rulers was an added feature. Jules Droz, of Boise, topped the entrants, nosing out Max Rawlins, also of Boise, by two strokes.

A banquet for those who took part in the tournament and for their friends was held in the lodge home. P.E.R. Joe Imhoff was Master of Ceremonies. Prizes were awarded and the name of the winner was inscribed on the Ed. D.

Right: Officers of Lewiston, Ida., Lodge with Pete Lupinacci, for whom the members of that Lodge purchased an artificial leg.



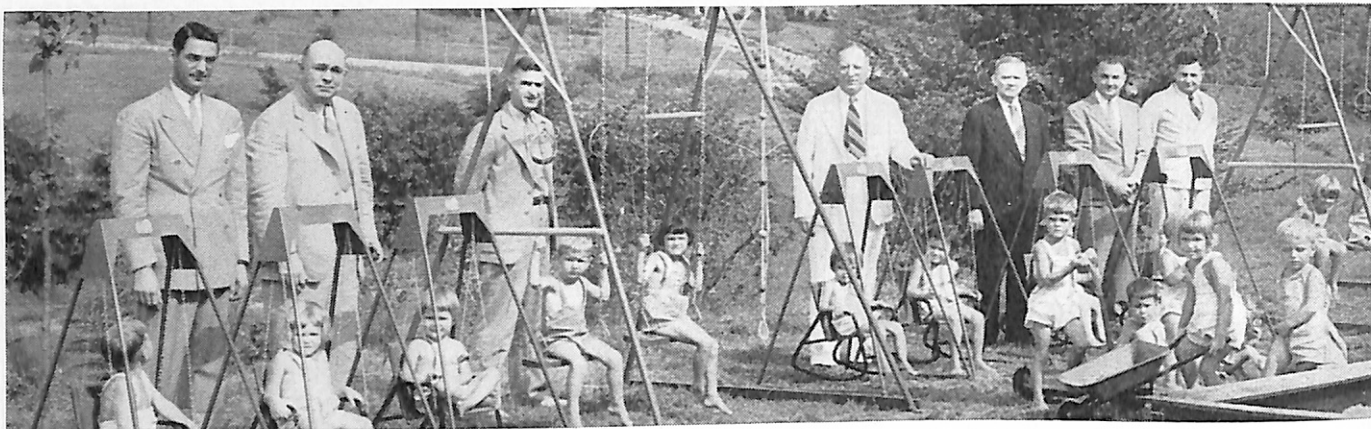
Baird Trophy which must be won three times for permanent possession. Mr. Baird, donor of the Trophy, is Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight.

Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge Gives a Farewell Party for L. B. Myers

Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, gave an Appreciation Dinner on September 13 in the grill room of the lodge home in honor of P.E.R. L. Bruce Myers,

Secretary of the Board of Trustees and President of the Elks Northwest District Association of Pennsylvania. Two hundred attended the dinner and many arrived later for the dancing and entertainment which followed. It was also a farewell party as Mr. Myers was leaving Ellwood City to assume new duties and make his home in Martins Ferry, O. During his 13 years of membership in Ellwood City Lodge, he has been active in every department and a leader in





Above: Officers of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, photographed not long ago at the presentation of playground equipment to the Vine Street Orphans Home.

ritualistic work. He was responsible for the building of the addition to the present lodge home while serving as Exalted Ruler. In 1936, he was honored by the State Association as the outstanding Exalted Ruler of Pennsylvania.

A beautifully engraved watch was presented to Mr. Myers by P.E.R. Joseph P. Smith, acting on behalf of the

Elks' special committee and the lodge membership. E.R. Joseph J. Eckert was Toastmaster and Thomas Newman was in direct charge of the arrangements. D.D. Clark H. Buell of New Castle, E.R. E. M. Gahles and P.D.D. Howard Ellis of Beaver Falls, James P. Walsh of Woodlawn Lodge, Vice-Pres. of the N. W. District Assn., Mr. Eckert

and P.E.R.'s T. C. McDonald, John D. Hayden, James McDermott, George Fosnaught and James C. Reasman, Ellwood City, were among those who made brief but hearty testimonial speeches. Mr. Myers was deeply touched by the events of the evening. In a simple and dignified response, he expressed his thanks for the honors bestowed upon him and also the feeling of regret with which he had relinquished his duties in the lodge which he joined in 1928.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Roadside Good Will Signs Available to Lodges



THE Grand Exalted Ruler, in a desire to promote public good will throughout the country, has had designed an attractive road sign suitable for erection on all highways leading into communities wherein the hospitality of an Elks lodge home may be enjoyed by our members and their families. This sign was on display at the Grand Exalted Ruler's luncheon at Philadelphia, and therefore has been seen by many Exalted Rulers.

The signs carry a triple message—to Drive Safely—Defend America—and Welcomes the Traveler to the community that he is approaching. The name of the city where an Elks lodge is located is painted on each individual sign.

The signs are 3 ft. x 5 ft., made of heavy-gauge metal, painted in red, white and blue, mounted on a 1" x 3" back frame with wooden moulding on face. The price of these signs is so low that a minimum order of six signs is neces-

sary to take advantage of low freight rates. The signs cost \$2.30 each—or \$13.80 for a minimum order of six signs. If more than six signs are ordered, it must be in even units of two because the signs are packed in pairs. Orders may be sent to the Grand Exalted Ruler's office, Room 1113-1114, First National Bank Building, Atlanta, Georgia—or to *The Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

The signs will be shipped by collect freight to the lodge or State Association ordering them. By ordering six of these signs, they can be shipped in one unit—even to the most distant point in the United States—for only 63 cents a sign. Therefore, the actual cost per sign, delivered to any point in the country, is less than \$3.00 each.

If your lodge wants further details, write us at *The Elks Magazine* and we will be glad to give you additional information.

State Pres. W. G. Warner Visits Shamokin, Pa., Lodge Officially

The newly elected President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, Wilbur G. Warner of Lehighton, paying his official visit to Shamokin Lodge No. 355, was honored at a testimonial dinner attended by more than 300 Elks of the district, Pennsylvania, Northeast. Introduced by E.R. Ralph D. Thomas, Mr. Warner delivered an address which held the attention of his audience throughout its duration.

P.D.D. Joseph Neary presided as Toastmaster, and P.E.R. Daniel W. Kearney presented Mr. Warner with a fountain pen as a memento of his visit. A brief lodge meeting, held in the American Legion ballroom shortly after the conclusion of the banquet, was followed by a social session at the lodge home.

Elks of Louisiana, North, Attend Meeting Called by District Deputy

Meeting at the home of Alexandria, La., Lodge, No. 546, for a conference called by D.D. J. O. Modisette, of Jennings Lodge, Elks of the Louisiana North District studied the Grand Exalted Ruler's plan for carrying out the special program launched this year by the Order, stressing patriotism, Americanization work and safe driving. The Elks Flying Cadet Program and the "Refresher Courses", fostered by the Elks in connection with the program, were explained by the District Deputy.

Among the out-of-town guests in attendance were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor of New Orleans; C. A. Barnes, Morgan City, Pres. of the La. State Elks Assn.; Henry D. Larcade, Jr., Opelousas, and Dr. K. M. Frank of Franklin, 1st and 2nd State Vice-Pres.'s respectively, and a number of officers and members representing New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Opelousas, Shreveport, Natchitoches, Jennings, Donaldsonville, Franklin, Morgan City and Houma. The initiation of the "Ned

Right: The prize-winning "Victory" float which was exhibited by Elko, Nev., Lodge during the Elko County Fair.

Rightor Class" was a feature of the meeting. After the adjournment of the conference, a bountiful spread was provided by the host lodge.

Altoona, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Fifty-Third Anniversary

Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, celebrated its 53rd anniversary with a two-day program commencing on October 8 with a regular lodge session followed by a patriotic meeting at which local school children and members of military organizations participated in an impressive display of the national colors. The qualifications and procedure necessary in becoming a Flying Cadet were described by Captain Garlock of the United States Army. Visiting Elks from Du Bois, Lewistown, Milton, Huntingdon, Tyrone, Philipsburg, Clearfield, Reading and Johnstown, and local and visiting Legionnaires, were present, and the Disabled War Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars and the local unit of Home Defense Police were represented.

The next evening, the lodge was host to the members and visiting Elks with their ladies at the annual anniversary banquet, entertainment and dance, completing the social side of the observance, one of the pleasantest and most successful in years. Three of the five charter members, P.E.R.'s I. C. Mishler and Jacob Stier, and H. P. Wilson, took an active part in the celebration.

Newton, Kans., Lodge Sponsors a Boys' Group With Great Success

Newton, Kans., Lodge, No. 706, sponsors a group of boys which it calls the "Knot-Hole Gang". Boys holding cards are entitled to free admission at all local baseball games. The project, which is in charge of C. H. Sherman, a

local police officer and a member of No. 706, was successful from the first. The lodge now has the full cooperation of school authorities, relief and law enforcement agencies and the press. Each boy, when he receives his card, is given a little talk by Mr. Sherman, stating the rules of conduct the members of the "Gang" are expected to

observe and informing him that any infraction of the rules will result in the forfeit of his card.

Through the efforts of the school authorities, a special bleacher section was provided for the boys at all of the Fall football games. It is expected that similar privileges will be given them during the basketball season.



local police officer and a member of No. 706, was successful from the first. The lodge now has the full cooperation of school authorities, relief and law enforcement agencies and the press. Each boy, when he receives his card, is given a little talk by Mr. Sherman, stating the rules of conduct the members of the "Gang" are expected to



Below: A striking picture taken during the 13th Annual Rodeo sponsored by Woodward, Okla., Lodge. Over 25,000 attended.



Sharon, Pa., Lodge Contributes to Success of Centennial Celebration

During the week of the Sharon Centennial Celebration, Sharon, Pa., Lodge, No. 103, joined with the city in observing the anniversary. A thousand residents took part in a pageant depicting the history and growth of Sharon, and a huge street parade was held. The lodge entered a beautiful float portraying a scene with Betsy Ross and the American Flag.

During the last three days of the celebration, the Volunteer Firemen's Association of the northwest district of Pennsylvania held its annual convention. The Elks' float appeared in the parade on the closing day, in which 100 fire units, with their equipment, and more than 30 bands and drum corps participated.

Elks Clown Band of Williston, N. D., Is in Constant Demand

A number of prominent members of Williston, N. D., Lodge, No. 1214, got together a couple of years ago and organized an Elks Clown Band which scored an immediate hit and has since enjoyed an increasing popularity. It was the center of attraction at the convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association at Dickinson in 1940, the 1941 convention at Grand Forks, the American Legion State Convention held this year at Williston, and the two most recent Williston Annual Fall Festivals.

The Band plays good, rousing music and in addition puts on a number of entertaining stunts between numbers. Included among the acts are Musical Director Lloyd Bjella's Indian Dance and

Drum Major V. E. Wenzel's tight rope walking performance. Baritone Francis Anderson's bulldog, which trails wherever the Band goes, is Mascot.

Palatka, Fla., Elks Entertain British Cadets from Air Base

Twenty-seven British Flying Cadets, in training at the southeastern Air Base at Jacksonville, Fla., were met and entertained on a recent visit to Palatka by members of Palatka, Fla., Lodge, No. 1232. The Reception and Entertainment Committees of the lodge were assisted by eighteen young ladies, all daughters of Palatka Elks. The young men arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon, and were escorted to the lodge home where a tea dance was given for them and everything was done to make them feel at home.

New Lodges Are Instituted at Greenville and Kinston, N. C.

INSTITUTIONS of two new lodges took place in October, both in the State of North Carolina. A fine class of outstanding citizens made up the charter list of each lodge and the initiatory ceremony in each instance was conducted by a picked team of Past Exalted Rulers of New Berne Lodge No. 764. The Ritual was exemplified with understanding and eloquence. The names of the members of the Degree Team and the offices in which they served were as follows: E.R., Louis N. Howard; Est. Lead. Knight, Raymond Fuson; Est. Loyal Knight, G. A. Farrow; Est. Lect. Knight, I. I. Blanford; Esq., W. C. Moore; Chaplain, John G. Dunn, Jr.; Inner Guard, Harry Lipman; Tiler, D. L. Ward; Secy., Tom C. Daniels. The institutions were attended by many prominent Elks of the State, including D.D. C. C. Oates, Hendersonville; George W. Munford, Durham, former member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; A. H. Borland, Durham, former member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; Clyde E. Glenn, Durham, Pres. of the N. C. State Elks Assn., and his Secretary, Stough Gantt; L. H. Trulove, Wilmington, Dist. Vice-Pres. of the N. C. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D.'s D. A. Morris, Durham; P. C. Smith, High Point; R. E. Stevens, Leslie P. Gardner and R. D. Parrott, Goldsboro, and Captain Tom C. Daniels, Thomas B. Kehoe and W. C. Moore, New Berne. Goldsboro, Washington, Wilmington, Fayetteville, Durham, Raleigh and New Berne Lodges were represented by delegations.

GREENVILLE Lodge No. 1645 was instituted on Wednesday the 22nd by Raymond Fuson, District Deputy for North Carolina, East. The beautiful city, in which the lodge is located, is the county seat of Pitt County. It was founded in early 1700 as Martinborough and renamed and incorporated in 1771. Its growth and progress are indicated by the U. S. Census which shows a gain of 38 per cent in the past ten years; post office receipts which in 1930 were \$39,000, exceeded \$60,000 in 1940. The city is outstanding as a market for tobacco, hogs, cattle, cotton, poultry and farm products for a population of 400,000 within a 50-mile radius. All

major tobacco companies buy on the Greenville tobacco market which operates with ten warehouses and five sets of buyers and is the second largest auction bright leaf market in the United States. While the section is predominantly agricultural, 45 industrial enterprises are located in Greenville. City improvements, including a new city hall, fire station, fire alarm system and street department facilities, have been made in the last two years at a cost of more than \$750,000. In addition, \$103,000 was spent on a street improvement program which has given Greenville approximately 23 miles of paved streets. The city operates its own public utilities, supplying electric power, water and gas. Four hundred miles of transmission lines serve the surrounding territory. The city and the county are both in excellent financial condition and tax rates are exceptionally low. Varied and adequate transportation facilities are provided by two railroad lines, a network of paved highways, and water transportation on the Tar River. An airport, one and a half miles north of Greenville, has three runways, 4,000, 3,200 and 3,000 feet in length respectively, affording safe accommodations for practically all types of planes.

The climate is mild and equable. A municipal recreation center, which includes a stadium with lighted athletic field, was completed recently. Greenville is an educational center. Supplementing its cultural facilities, the city has three libraries. WGTC, its locally owned radio station, the most modern in the section, provides entertainment, news and a publicity service of the highest type. There are more than a dozen commercial, civic and patriotic clubs and units, and with the addition of Greenville Lodge of Elks, regarded as a valuable acquisition in the life of the city, practically all of the important fraternal organizations are represented.

KINSTON Lodge No. 740 was instituted on Friday the 24th by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, assisted by D.D. Raymond Fuson and Past District Deputies of North Carolina, East. Mayor William T. Stanley headed the list of charter members. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an impressive

address. Included among the visiting delegations was a large number of members from the newly instituted lodge at Greenville.

Kinston is a splendid place in which to establish an Elk lodge. It was settled 200 years ago by well-to-do and highly respected pioneers, established as a town in 1762 and incorporated in 1849, and its fine traditions are reflected in the life of the people. It is the county seat of Lenoir County. Situated in the fertile valley of the Neuse River and served as it is by nine paved highways, two railroads and two bus lines, the city is easily accessible from outside points. In 1890 the U. S. Census disclosed a population of 1,762 which in 1940 had risen to more than 15,000. Health conditions are excellent in the section which is so favored by climate that almost any crop grown in the temperate zone prospers and cattle may graze practically the year round. The territory from Kinston to the coast is famous for its abundant supply of many varieties of fish and game. The inland streams teem with bass, perch and pike; quail and rabbits are plentiful in the farmlands, while the presence of squirrels, bears, deer and other kinds of game make the forest a hunter's paradise. The country club with its 166-acre golf course, the municipal swimming pool, tennis courts and playgrounds are all within easy reach of the city. Kinston's water supply is pure, soft and cool, springing from artesian wells, and is excellent for factory use. The city owns its million dollar power plant. Taxes are low.

More than 50 industries having a combined pay roll of over a million dollars are located in Kinston. The city is situated in the heart of a tremendous new bright tobacco belt. Nine warehouses and stemming plants furnish excellent facilities for marketing and handling. The cotton and cattle markets are also handled on a huge scale.

Kinston is well known not only as a city of beautiful homes but as the hub of four important defense centers. Fort Bragg is 90 miles west; Camp Davis is 50 miles south. Two U. S. Marine Corps bases, the New River Marine Barracks and the Cunningham Flying Field, are within 50 miles of the city.



Association officers and distinguished guests who attended the 1941 Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Assn. meeting at Salisbury, Md.

NEWS of the State Associations

CONNECTICUT

ABOUT 250 delegates, accompanied by their wives, attended the 12th Annual Convention of the Connecticut State Elks Association held in the home of New London Lodge No. 360. Among the distinguished guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, and Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

The Scholarship Commission awarded two scholarships, first prize of \$300 going to Miss Margaret Alice Monahan and second prize of \$150 to John Joseph Hagan. P.E.R. James L. McGovern, of Bridgeport Lodge, Chairman of the Defense Committee, reported the winners of the State National Essay Contest as follows: Deryck Wall, West Haven, first prize of \$50; Leo Beladeau, New London, second prize of \$30; Walter James St. Onge, Jr., Torrington, third prize of \$20. The visiting ladies enjoyed a tour of the city during the afternoon business session, which was followed by the State Banquet, a dance and entertainment.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Pres., Frank M. Lynch, New Haven; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. Joseph A. Bray, Hartford; 2nd Vice-Pres., William P. Hession, Derby; Secy., reelected, Archie J. McCullough, Jr., Derby; Treas., reelected, John F. McDonough, Bridgeport; Trustees: Ronald H. Ferguson, Rockville; Edward J. Daly, Bridgeport; Frank H. Bailey, Waterbury.

The two-day meeting was successful and pleasant. Having disposed of business matters in connection with the activities of the State Association, the delegates and officers, with their friends, spent the second day of the convention at Ocean Beach. A Water Carnival was the highlight of the entertainment program.

CALIFORNIA

Seven thousand, eight hundred and thirty Elks and ladies registered at the 27th Annual Convention of the California State Elks Association held in Long Beach on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 18-19-20. The convention got off to a start, however, on the 17th with the arrival of the officers, the opening of the 55-team bowling tournament and, in the evening, a "first-nighter party" at the home of Long Beach Lodge No. 888.

The first business session was held on Thursday morning, with State President Robert S. Redington, of Los Angeles, presiding. The introduction of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George D. Hastings, of Glendale, and Past President Fred B. Mellmann, of Oakland, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, followed the introduction of the other Past Presidents in attendance and the State officers. Welcoming addresses were made by E.R. Russell Pavey, speaking for the host lodge, Mayor Francis H. Gentry, representing the city of Long Beach, and P.E.R. John W. Harvey, Convention Chairman. Reports were then presented by the State officers, after which Mr. Redington introduced Major D. M. Schlatter, of the U. S. Army Air Corps, who explained in detail the work of training the cadets secured through the combined efforts of all of the subordinate lodges.

A feature of the Friday morning business session was the arrival of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles Lodge. Mr. Shannon told the delegates that he was happy to be present, but saddened by a message from Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, of San Francisco, stating that the condition of his health would not permit him to attend the sessions this year. The numerous committee reports presented showed that the administration just ending had

been extremely active and most constructive and that the prestige and prosperity of the lodges throughout the State had continued and even increased during the past twelve months. Following the theme of Americanism, Col. John J. Flynn of the U.S. Military Corps then addressed the delegates, describing the activities of the organization and commending the Order on the fine work being done by the Elks National Defense Commission. At this session, the following State Association officers were elected for 1941-42: Pres., Donald K. Quayle, Alameda; Vice-Pres.'s: South, Dr. Ralph W. Blodgett, Oceanside; S. Cent., J. Robert Doud, Oxnard; W. Cent., George S. Tait, Jr., Santa Cruz; E. Cent., William G. Harris, Taft; Bay, Joseph A. Cianciarulo, Oakland; North, L. E. Hewitt, Marysville; Secy., Edgar W. Dale, Richmond; Treas., George McGaughey, Jr., Burbank; Trustees: S. Cent., Thomas F. McCue, Alhambra; W. Cent., James A. Greenelsh, San Luis Obispo; Bay, George Doherty, San Francisco.

At the third and final session on Saturday, which found the lodge room filled to capacity, the remaining committees submitted their reports. Paul Sanazaro, of Berkeley, Calif., awarded first prize by the Elks National Foundation Trustees in the Most Valuable Student Contest, was introduced by E.R. Wesley D. Johansen of Berkeley Lodge of Elks. John Buckingham, fourth prize winner, also proved to be the local winner of the Elks National Essay Contest and as such was presented with a scholarship by E.R. Russell Pavey, of Long Beach Lodge. Another winner honored at the session was Joseph Nicoletti, of San Mateo, who was awarded the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300 for 1940-41, the selection being made on the basis of scholastic records among students of 41 California junior colleges.

Representing the Commandant of the
(Continued on page 37)



Above: Mr. McClelland is shown with Elk officials at Buckhead, Ga., when that Lodge presented National and State flags to the Fulton County State Defense Corps.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

Below: Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and George I. Hall, Pres. of the New York State Elks Assn., at Rome, N. Y. Lodge.



SHORTLY before he left for the East Coast, Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland led a pilgrimage in tribute to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, P.E.R. of Atlanta Lodge. The placing of a wreath on the grave had a tender significance for Judge McClelland, as he was initiated into Atlanta Lodge No. 78 during Mr. Andrews' term as Exalted Ruler in 1912. They were very close personal friends. The ceremonies were attended by relatives of Mr. Andrews and officers and members of Atlanta and East Point, Ga., Lodges.

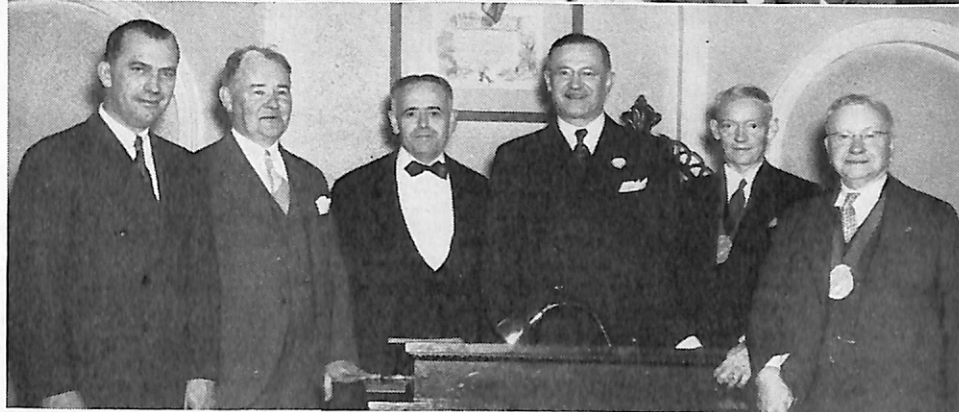
Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland was met at LaGuardia Airport on Saturday, September 13, by D.D. Judge John F. Scileppi, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, and escorted to the Waldorf Astoria Hotel where he held a luncheon conference with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the lodges of the New York East, East Central and Southeast Districts. Their program for the year was outlined by the Grand Exalted Ruler who also directed their attention to the Order's opportunity to serve the country during the present crisis, pointing out that the Order of Elks has at all times proven itself an agency of great force and effectiveness. Others who spoke were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough Lodge, who introduced Judge McClelland at the beginning of the conference, and Charles S. Hart, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge; George I. Hall, Lynbrook, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Stephen McGrath, Oneida, N. Y., Chairman of the Membership Committee. Among other distinguished Elks in attendance were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin, of Napa, Calif., Lodge, James R. Nicholson, Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge; Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, New Rochelle, N. Y.; William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, immediate Past Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Samuel C. Duberstein, Brooklyn, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Thomas F. Cuite, Brooklyn, Secy. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and D.D.'s Thomas H. Callahan, White Plains, Edmund H. Lawler, Haverstraw, and Judge Scileppi, all of whom were introduced to the assemblage.

That evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Judge Hallinan, Mr. Hall and Judge Duberstein, entertained for Rome, N. Y., where they were met by a large delegation, headed by P.E.R. James A. Spargo of Rome Lodge No. 96, and escorted to the lodge home where a special session was being held. Judge McClelland, introduced by Mr. Spargo, made an informal talk, at the conclusion of which he was presented with a beautiful copper and chrome plated bowl and candlestick holders, manufactured in Rome, N. Y. After the meeting, a reception was held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Judge McClelland and Judge Hallinan were guests of Mr. Spargo in his home after the reception. While in Rome, the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented also with a locally manufactured copper and chrome plated ashtray. A conference was held the next day in the home of Rome Lodge with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the New York Northeast, North Central, South Central, West, and West Central Districts. After a delicious luncheon, Judge Hallinan introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who outlined his program for the instruction of the officers and again stressed the preservation of



Above: Judge McClelland and members of Decatur, Ga., Lodge, when a large class of candidates was initiated.

Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler, with prominent Georgia Elks and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan at Rome, Ga., Lodge.



American ideals and principles. E.R. Herman A. Lutz, of Rome Lodge, who had been ill and confined to his home for some time, was present at both the meeting and the conference. Captain Stephen McGrath discussed the State Membership Program and State President Hall made an inspiring talk in which he urged the officers of the New York lodges to make every effort to keep New York State in its present position, first in point of membership among the lodges of the Order. Mr. Duberstein, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, author of the informative booklet, "Why Membership in the Elks", was present. His booklet was placed on the tables at both the New York and Rome Conferences. Holding informal conferences with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of lodges in their respective Districts were the following District Deputies: N. E., John J. Sweeney, Troy; N. Cent., J. Bradbury German, Jr., Utica; S. Cent., F. A. Haughey, Watkins Glen; West, Howard F. Rieger, Niagara Falls; W. Cent., Ronald J. Dunn, Oneida.

The Grand Exalted Ruler next visited Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602, which at the time was honoring its venerable Trustee, P.E.R. Jake Hall. This lodge has had a gain of 70 new members this year, of which 58 were brought in by Mr. Hall. A fine class of

candidates was initiated, and an excellent exemplification of the Ritual was made by the Decatur officers, winners of the National Ritualistic Contest at the Grand Lodge Convention in Philadelphia. A gold plaque, symbolic of the national championship, was presented to Decatur Lodge by P.D.D. J. Bush, of Athens, Ga., Lodge. A large delegation of visiting Elks was present, among whom were D.D. H. G. McSpadden, of Rome, Ga., Lodge, H. O. Hubert, Jr., Decatur, Pres. of the Ga. State Elks Assn., and Past Pres. J. Clayton Burke, Atlanta.

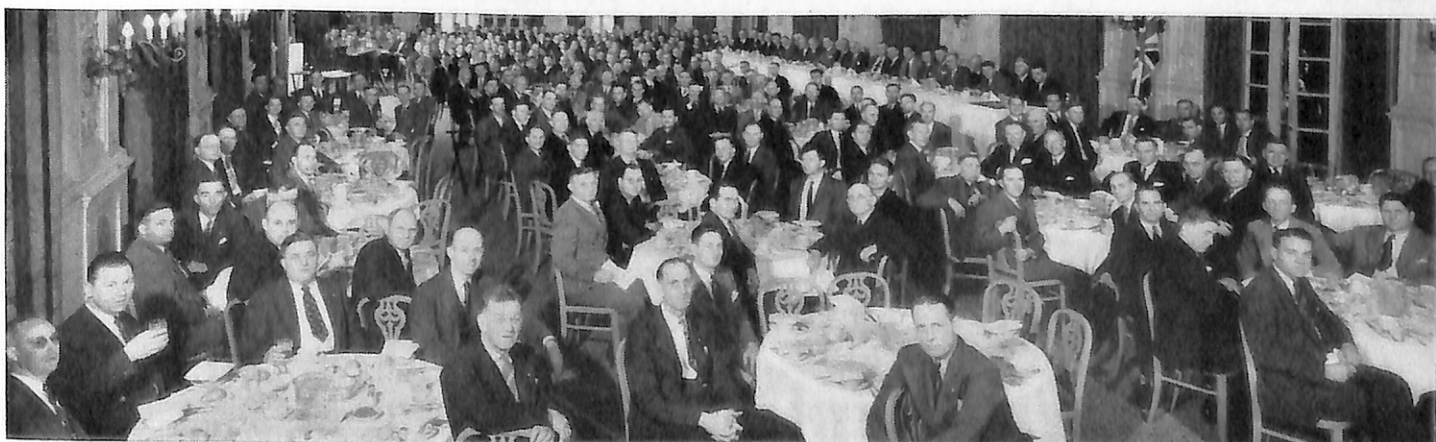
On September 27, Judge McClelland flew to St. Louis, Mo., where he was met at the airport by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell and escorted to the Washington Park Race Track, where he was guest of honor and viewed the feature race from the judges stand. Immediately after the conclusion of the race program, Judge McClelland was driven by Mr. Campbell to Marion, Ill. There

they attended an informal reception at the home of Marion Lodge No. 800, after which they were delightfully entertained at the quarters of the Peabody Coal Company by L. A. Trovillion, of Marion Lodge, and the officers of the Illinois State Elks Association. At ten o'clock in the evening, a dance was held in the home of the local lodge honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler and State Association members. The featured attraction was an entertaining floor show.

The next morning at eleven o'clock, Judge McClelland attended a conference of the Illinois State Elks Association, and at noon he was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the State Association. The address welcoming the Grand Exalted Ruler and the delegates was made by Judge H. L. Garrison, Exalted Ruler of Marion Lodge. The conference was presided over by P.E.R. Gordon Franklin, Toastmaster. Mayor Harry L. Crisp, a member of Marion Lodge, welcomed the guests on

(Continued on page 54)

Prominent Elks photographed during a dinner, held at Indianapolis, Ind., which was attended by the Grand Exalted Ruler; Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary; C. E. Thompson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home.





**"KEEP
'EM
FLYING!"**

**YOUR LODGE WILL BE PROUD OF BOYS LIKE THESE!
THEY WILL TRAIN AS A UNIT IN UNCLE SAM'S ARMY!
SEND AN AVIATION GROUP LIKE THIS FROM YOUR HOME TOWN!**

ELKS LODGES throughout America are successfully instituting refresher courses in cooperation with local educational authorities. They are helping ambitious young men to pass necessary mental examinations for aviation cadets in the world's finest air corps.

The Elks National Defense Commission has already furnished information to all subordinate lodges. This is also available at every Army Recruiting Station.

A college degree is not required . . . high school graduates can "bone up" through refresher courses instituted by Elks lodges.

An Elks unit of twenty young men—all friends and neighbors—will train together. A lesser number of can-

didates can join another nearby Elks lodge unit.

They share the work, fun and friendly rivalry during the training period . . . \$75 a month—plus uniforms, board, lodging, medical care and \$10,000 insurance—during the seven and a half months they are learning.

Up to \$245.50 a month when commissioned a Second Lieutenant; \$150 allowance for initial officer's uniform equipment, and, when returned to civil life, a \$500 cash bonus for each year of active service under a reserve commission!

HAS YOUR LODGE DONE ITS PART?

"KEEP 'EM FLYING"

ELKS NATIONAL DEFENSE COMMISSION.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

11th Naval District, Captain Richard B. Kaufman made a short speech.

The delegates were informed by the Chairman of the State Board of Trustees, J. F. Misphey, of Sacramento, that after due consideration Fresno had been selected as the convention city for 1942, and that the annual meeting would be held on September 24-25-26. The new officers were then duly installed and having presented his annual report, retiring President Redington turned the gavel over to President Quayle whose first official act was the appointment of the following officers: Tiler, Thomas S. Abbott, Los Angeles, Chaplain, David Todd Gillmor, San Jose, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Bernard D. Doyle, Merced. The President then outlined a very constructive program for the next year, the three main points of which are as follows: 1—To unite the Elks and lodges of California into closer bonds of fraternity; 2—To exchange ideas beneficial to the lodges of the State; 3—To promote and assist the Grand Lodge in its nation-wide program.

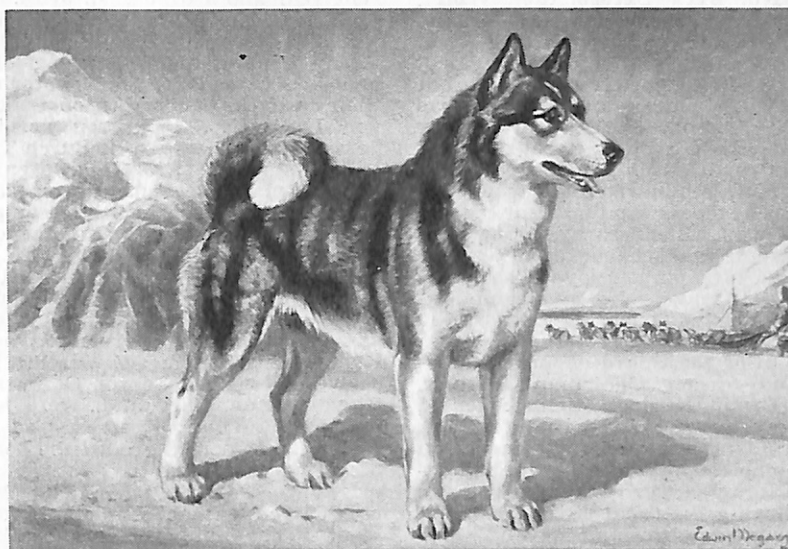
The Ritualistic Contest was won by the officers of Riverside Lodge No. 643, with Porterville second and San Pedro third. The 100 per cent cooperation of the California lodges in ritualistic work has been an aim of the State Association for years. A larger number than ever before competed this year. One district reported every lodge entered, and several others were very close to that mark. Winners in the additional contests were as follows: Glee Clubs: Los Angeles, first, Richmond, second; Quartettes: Glendale, first, Santa Monica, second; Parade: Los Angeles, first; Drill Teams: Huntington Park, first, Pasadena, second; Drum and Bugle Corps: Anaheim, first, Santa Barbara, second; Bowling: Monrovia; Golf: Santa Ana; Soft Ball: San Diego; Pistol Shoot: Huntington Park; President's Membership award: Merced; One Thousand Dollar Sweepstake award: Huntington Park.

One of the most important events of the convention was the magnificent Memorial Service held on Thursday in the Municipal Auditorium under the direction of Past Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, of Los Angeles, a Past State President. Thomas Wood, of Santa Monica Lodge was the principal speaker. The service was preceded by a massed band concert, with the bands of Los Angeles, Glendale and Santa Monica Lodges participating.

The social side of the convention included boat rides around the Long Beach Harbor, breakfasts and fashion shows for the ladies, breakfast get-togethers for Exalted Rulers, Esteemed Leading Knights and Secretaries, dances every evening at the home of Long Beach Lodge, the parade and high jinks on Friday night, and the President's formal dinner and grand ball Saturday evening. The highest praise was given Long Beach Lodge for the perfection with which the convention was handled.

MICHIGAN

The opening event of the 36th Annual Convention of the Michigan State Elks Association was a "Mixer Party" held in the home of the host lodge, St. Joseph,



HE WINS ON EVERY COUNT!

Generations of careful breeding make this dog a champion among champions...one of a kind! He can't be duplicated!



SO DOES FLEISCHMANN'S GIN!

• First in smoothness—first in delicate flavor . . . because Fleischmann's Gin comes from a distiller with the longest experience in distilling gin for the American taste! It can't be duplicated!

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FLEISCHMANN'S GIN

A Pedigreed Gin For Prize-Winning Drinks
Distilled from American Grain—90 Proof

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Mich., No. 541. Before the evening ended, everybody was acquainted and the convention was off to a fine start.

The first business meeting was called to order by President Irvine J. Unger, of Detroit. The address of welcome was given by Lamont Tufts, representing St. Joseph Lodge. The general registration was reported as having reached a new high. One hundred and seventy-six delegates, officers and committeemen were present. Business was conducted with dispatch at the several sessions and those attending enjoyed the privilege of being addressed by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, Ill., J. Ford Zietlow of Aberdeen, S. D., Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and former Chairman John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Mich. Splendid reports were turned in by the president, vice-presidents and committeemen, and the announcement was made that Michigan had gained third place among the States during the fiscal year in numerical gain in membership.

Pontiac Lodge No. 810 was awarded the 1942 convention and Ann Arbor Lodge No. 325 the annual Elks Bowling Tournament. The 1941-42 officers of the State Association are as follows: Pres., Albert J. Ott, Traverse City; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Leo N. Dine, Saginaw; District Vice-Pres.'s: Cent., H. A. Kinch, Jackson; N. Cent., H. A. Preston, Mount Pleasant; East, Casper Schreff, Royal Oak; West, Basil Menton, South Haven; S. W., F. J. Flaugh, Benton Harbor; N. W., Owen J. Gavigan, Ludington; Secy., Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw; Treas., James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek; Trustees: Chairman, Herbert A. Kurrasch, Alpena; John W. Kelly, Manistique, (elected for a four year term); Richard L. Cook, Grand Haven; Louis A. Worch, Jackson; Chaplain, Ned Bomers, Grand Rapids; Sergeant-at-Arms, Perce A. Apel, Detroit; Tiler, Hugh L. Hartley, Owosso.

In the ritualistic contest, held under the direction of the Chairman, P.E.R. F. H. Bradshaw of Lansing, ten lodges were entered in Class A and five in Class B. Seven drill teams also competed. Niles Lodge No. 1322 placed first in the Class A competition thereby winning possession of the revolving trophy for the cur-

rent year and a \$100 cash prize. Lansing Lodge No. 196 was second winning \$75, and Marquette Lodge No. 405 was third, winning \$50. Carrying off the honors in Class B for teams entering for their first year of competition, South Haven Lodge No. 1509 won permanent possession of the John K. Burch Trophy and a cash prize of \$75. Coldwater Lodge No. 1023 placed second and won \$25. The drill teams, or escort to the Esquire, received prizes as follows: Kalamazoo No. 50, \$100; Lansing, \$50; Niles, \$25. Participating officers were awarded individual cups for excellence in rendition of the Ritual, and no two went to the same lodge. Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner, of Wheeling, W. Va., P.D.D. Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, O., and P.E.R. Floyd Saxton, Gary, Ind., were judges, and P.E.R. C. A. Kremser and A. J. Ilg of Lakewood, O., aided the committee in checking and accounting. Many prizes were distributed among the entries in the trap shoot and golf tournaments. The annual Lodge of Sorrow was conducted by P.E.R. Edwin P. Breen and officers of Grand Rapids Lodge No. 48.

Included among the enjoyable entertainment features were visits to the House of David at Benton Harbor and many other points of interest, and a moonlight excursion on Lake Michigan. Many subordinate lodge groups, bands, floats and drill teams took part in the parade on the last day of the convention. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O., was the principal speaker and John K. Burch presided at the President's Banquet, held that evening at the Hotel Whitcomb, with every chair occupied. The President's Ball and Style Show followed at the lodge home which was crowded to capacity and was the scene of much gaiety. Open House the next day rounded out a full program. The Committee on Arrangements was credited with the success of the convention, one of the best held by the State Association in several years.

MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The four-day Convention of the Mary-

land, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association at Salisbury was the most successful ever held on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The meeting was favored by good weather throughout. Registration totaled 600, and many hundreds more viewed the parade on the final day, Wednesday, August 6. Among the distinguished guests were Past Pres. Philip U. Gayaut of Washington, D. C., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Judge Benjamin A. Johnson, Chief Justice of the Maryland Circuit Court, and Maryland State Senator R. Fulton Walker. To Frederick, Md., Lodge No. 684, was given the honor of entertaining the Association at its first regional meeting. The second meeting will take place at Washington, D. C., on Sunday, December 14. Cumberland, Md., Lodge No. 63, will act as host at the March regional meeting and also the Tri-State Bowling Tournament which will be held during the month of March.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Pres., John E. Lynch, Washington, D. C.; 1st Vice-Pres., G. F. Albrecht, Frederick, Md.; 2nd Vice-Pres., Frank Keene, Frostburg, Md.; 3rd Vice-Pres., Harry N. Wilson, Easton, Md.; 4th Vice-Pres., A. Eugene O'Dell, Towson, Md.; Secy., Calvert K. Hartle, Hagerstown, Md.; Treas., R. Edward Dove, Annapolis, Md.; Trustees: John E. France, Chairman, Hagerstown, Md.; W. Edgar Porter, Secretary, Salisbury, Md.; John H. Mosner, Cumberland, Md.; William C. Fowler, Annapolis, Md.; Leonard L. Pearce, Washington, D. C.; Harry Coslett, Havre de Grace, Md.; and Samuel F. Keil, Wilmington, Del. The selection of a convention city for 1942 was deferred until a later date.

The Ritualistic Contest was won by Cumberland Lodge by a close margin over Washington Lodge No. 15. Salisbury Lodge No. 817 was third. The Distinguished Service Award went to Wilmington Lodge No. 307 in recognition of its gift of an Iron Lung to a local hospital. The Washington team made a clean sweep in the Skeet Shoot, and the splendid Boys Band from Washington, D. C., shared honors in the parade with the Wicomico High School Band and the Annapolis Boys Club Patrol.

More Deadly Than the Male

(Continued from page 7)

I came up close and said, "Follow the leader."

She whirled, tossing her golden mane. "Carl Schmidt. Lieutenant Carl Schmidt!" Her laugh and her grip were cordial.

"The Army Air Corps, at your service," I said, and laughed, too. "Isn't the army a little late?"

"No," I said. "We're on schedule. We're supposed to wind up the show."

The devil came into those blue, blue eyes. "You're wasting your time, sonny. When I finish my new number the show will be wound up."

I let that one go. "I see you're demonstrating Wescos," I observed.

"You haven't seen anything yet," she said, still in that taunting tone. Then she added, "Seriously, Carl, find me after the show, will you? I'll want to know what you think."

A booming voice on the public address system was announcing Sidonie Stahl, America's Ace Woman Aerobat. She donned her scarlet helmet; no provocative blond curls remained. She climbed in and started her motor. I said, "Happy landings, honey," as the Texas girls used to say in San Antonio. She didn't hear me. Her face wore the same expression of challenge I saw the day she jumped from the loft in the barn. Her engine roared and she was gone.

Sidonie's opening stunts were too tough for most girls, and she did them well. They were routine to military pilots—until she pulled that last sequence. She went into a spin directly over the stands. By the time she had made ten turns she was wound up tight. People were coming to their feet. It seemed as

if she deliberately waited until they screamed. Then she recovered—thirty feet from the ground.

She wasn't satisfied. She rolled two and a half turns, leveling out up-side-down—ten feet above the grass. The spectators were nearly crazy. I was hanging onto the stabilizer of a Curtiss Hawk, about to put my fist through it. The crash wagon left its berth beside the hangar.

We didn't have long to wait. Sidonie held that mad course straight down the field. As she reached the southern boundary, she commenced climbing—but not in the orthodox manner. She was easing the stick forward, going into her climb while still inverted. She was flying right off the ground into the first half of an outside loop. I thanked God for the abundance of power in that Wes-

co Special. It hauled her straight up for a thousand feet. Just before the stalling point she squeezed one vertical roll out of it, whip-stalled, cut the motor and made a dead-stick landing in front of the judges' stand.

No Army-Navy football crowd ever stirred up a more thunderous howl than those cash customers. The show was wound up.

When the commotion died down, the master of ceremonies announced the army contingent, "experts in precision formation flying". The flight commander stood near me. He said, "Okay, boy scouts, let's go. Or would you rather demonstrate how to light a fire by rubbing two sticks of wood together?"

SIDONIE was at the gas pits, loading up. She was up on the catwalk, supervising. As I approached, she took off her helmet and twilight was delayed a moment. "Well, what do you think?" Her eyes were full of pride.

"I think you ought to be smacked for risking your neck," I said. "But you can fly. I never saw anything more beautiful." I meant it—but I was not thinking of her flying alone. As she hopped down off the wing I caught her in my arms and kissed her.

She pulled away, smiling. This is no go, I thought. She was amused. Proposing to one is not supposed to be amusing. She got in her ship and set the cockpit in order. As if she had read my mind, she said, "You're a nice boy, Carl. But I have a lot to do. I'm organizing a crack stunt team to take around the world. You wouldn't want to join my group and trail around, would you?"

"I might," I said.

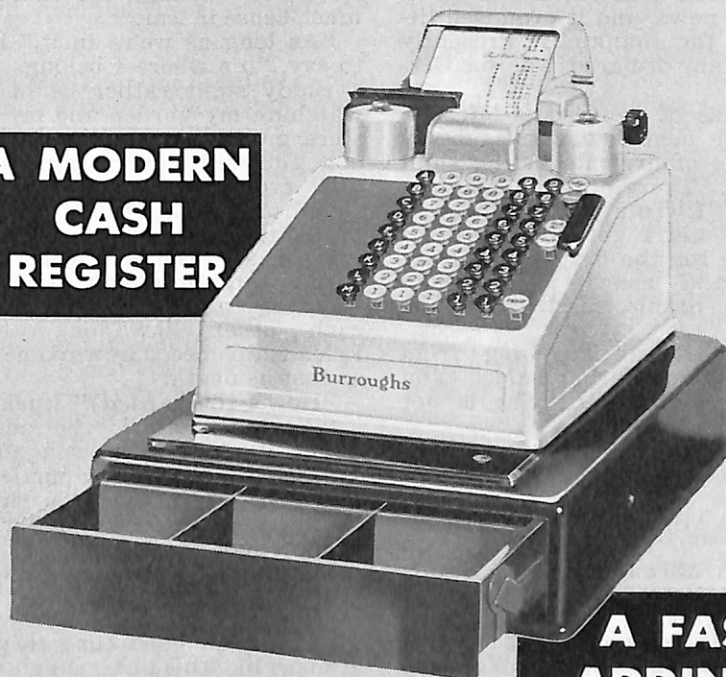
"When you can do the Sidonie Stahl pull-out," she said, "come and see me. We'll play a real game of follow the leader. If you win it—" She cut in the starter. She smiled mischievously and opened her throttle. I felt very foolish as she took off into the sunset.

What made the Sidonie Stahl pull-out a hair-raiser was executing it so close to the ground. Using a handful of clouds as the earth's surface, I did it again and again. I started it many times from Sidonie's low altitude, but I couldn't force myself to complete it. Risking Uncle Sam's equipment, and the neck of a pilot whose training had cost the people thirty thousand dollars didn't make sense. At least—that's what I told myself. Yet I knew that some day I would master that maneuver. The day would come when I had to have Sidonie.

I HAD been with East Coast Airlines three months when Sidonie Stahl's Flying Devils were organized. I came into Miami just after dawn one morning, and there were her three Wescos on the line, all ready to shove off for South America. I knew what she would say if she saw me, "Follow the leader." And I would chase her all over the

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sky and she would go into that grass-cutting pull-out. . . . I went through the whole flight—mentally. And I quit at a good thousand feet. I never knew I had such a vivid imagination. I turned in my trip report and left the field without seeing her.

According to the papers, the Flying Devils were a success in South America. From Buenos Aires they shipped their equipment to Bremen, and I thought of Sidonie thrilling her own relatives in Germany. I watched the papers, but I found no further reference to Sidonie Stahl's Flying Devils. But there was much else in the news, and it promised little peace for mankind. Presently Great Britain declared war on Germany.

Thousands of Americans left Europe in the next few weeks. Daily I read lists of arrivals in the shipping news. There was no mention of Sidonie. I wrote to her family in Milwaukee and I got no answer. I went home for the first week of my vacation and asked my parents about the Stahls. I tried to be casual.

"We don't hear anything from them, Carl," my father said. "You better forget that girl. She is not your kind."

"What do you mean?" I snapped, giving myself away.

"You are an American," my father said. "Sidonie is a German, Carl."

I flew to Milwaukee. The Stahls had moved away. When I inquired of the neighbors I was informed, "Otto got in some trouble; he and the old lady went away. We have heard nothing about the girl."

Back in New York, I saw the German consul. He couldn't help me. I corresponded with the state department and after a long while they told me that no Sidonie Stahl had applied for transportation from Germany to the United States.

I began to envision Sidonie in Germany with her wings clipped; she would be a pitiful creature. Perhaps, in her stubborn, headstrong manner, she had antagonized the Reich. Maybe, if I were there, I could help her. I wished I had challenged her that morning in Miami, and stuck with her on that deadly pull-out. Had I done so—I told myself—I would have gone with her. At least, I would be near her. . . . For the first time, the tragic state of world affairs held for me a bitter, personal significance.

Later, as Norway, the Lowlands and France were overcome, I sought more desperately to trace her. No one, not even the Wesco Aircraft Corporation, which had financed her enterprise, could throw any

light on her disappearance. I found myself detesting Nazism and all it stood for. When I heard that American pilots were being accepted in the Royal Canadian Air Force, I qualified for a commission. My job was ferrying new bombers to England.

On my first two crossings—after an intensive refresher course—I rode as co-pilot and navigator to Lieutenant George Courtney, one of the best men I ever knew. Courtney had distinguished himself during the evacuation of Dunkerque, been wounded and temporarily transferred to Canada. He couldn't see much sense in war.

"As long as we're in it," he used to say, "it's where I belong. But I'd a ruddy sight rather be in Surrey watching my garden and my youngsters grow." As the battle of London got well under way, Courtney was ordered to join his combat squadron in England. I never expected to see him again.

He was on the field when I landed with my eighth convoy. It was heartwarming to see him, and we cuffed each other like long-lost pals. Friendships breed in wartime almost as fast as death.

"How's the garden?" I asked.

"Blasted to hell," he answered.

"But I'll make it grow again some day." He noticed my anxiety and chuckled. "Got the kids safely to Scotland with their mother. How about a spot of tea?"

In the officers' mess I asked him how things were going.

"Active," he said. "Jerry knows the Fall is a good time to gun for 'dromes like this one—supply depots. This is my third post in a week. Chased them out of here twice yes-

terday and filled up one God-awful crater."

I caught myself listening for raiders, which was foolish, because airplane motors were running on the ground constantly. In the door of one hangar I noticed an American ship, a Curtiss P-36, its motor turning up fast.

An ancient orderly served us, puttering about with a fresh pot of tea and more toast to go with the jam. I was drowsy and comfortable. The orderly spoke to Courtney.

"Seen anything of the Lady Hun, sir?" He pronounced it "Ly-dee 'un".

Courtney said, "Forget that rubbish, Peeble. There's no such thing."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," old Peeble insisted, "some o' the lads swears they seen 'er. She's a bloody killer, 'tis said."

"Go away, Peeble," Courtney said, not unkindly. Then he said to me, smiling, "Old Peeble was a crack sergeant-mechanic in the last fracas. He's a fixture in the service, but he's a romantic."

My drowsiness had left me and an odd uneasiness had taken its place. I said, "Weren't there stories of a girl ace in Von Richtofen's old circus?"

Courtney shrugged. "Quite. Stuff like that on every front, last time. I can't imagine whether such rumors are spread by our own command to add glamour to a trying business, or by the enemy to distract us. Those tales have always turned out to be myths."

I thought: Maybe all but this one. Some of my Canadian pals came over and asked about a little shut-eye. Courtney showed us to officers' quarters and we flopped down with our boots on. I might have caught a cat nap or two, but you could scarcely call it sleep. All I could think of was a Nazi girl combat pilot who they said was a killer. Well, Courtney said it was rubbish. It had to be rubbish—yet I wasn't convinced.

It was nearly noon when the alarm sounded. I had never heard it except aboard freighters returning to Canada. I ran out and watched the interceptors roll out. It was accomplished with astounding efficiency. I looked for Courtney and barely had time to wave to him as he took off with the second flight. Four flights of Hawker "Hurricanes" were aloft before I caught sight of the specks I knew to be Nazi bombers. Soon I could detect smaller specks around the bombers—a squadron of pursuit craft.

"Heinkels," yelled someone near me, "and Messerschmitts. Must be damn near two hundred, all told!"

British flights continued



"Don't butt in, Mother! He probably feels he should have some use for a hairbrush!"

taking to the air, the roar of their motors pounding.

Another chap said, "Here come the eggs. They're wide." I saw them, then, six deadly missiles slanting toward us in a staggered line. They struck several hundred feet away, beyond a clump of trees. Showers of soil sprayed upward before we heard the deep, rumbling detonations. The Englishmen were more observing—or less preoccupied—than I. One said, "Two duds in that lot. Or two sleepers."

The barking of the anti-aircraft batteries ceased, indicating that the British interceptors were approaching the invaders. In the comparative quiet, the high-flung drone of many airplane engines seemed remote. It was no good trying to identify individual combatants at such height. A chap near me, who had field-glasses, was saying, "Ah! The Messerschmitts are breaking formation. Courtney's lads are raising hell. . ."

My own glasses were still with my kit, in the Lockheed I had ferried across. I ran to get them and I had to pass that Curtiss P-36. Its motor was still hot. I looked longingly at the ship. Then I fetched my binoculars.

Several British flights had joined the fray. The Heinkels were abandoning their neat pattern under the Hurricanes' furious attack. I counted three Heinkels mortally hit, saw others wheel and strike for home. The pursuit craft carried on

such fast, erratic combat that separate battles were difficult to keep in focus. Until I picked out a Hurricane in trouble.

The fellow was falling formlessly, out of control. A Messerschmitt ME 109 spiraled down above him, stalking. The Hurricane recovered around seven thousand feet—and the Nazi pounced, pouring lead into the apparently crippled Britisher. Some vital part of the Hurricane had been hit, or the pilot wounded. At three thousand feet the Hurricane partially righted itself, but the dogged Nazi plunged and delivered a relentless hail.

I WATCHED for the Englishman to bail out. He didn't. His ship swung upward in a desperate zoom, shuddered and hung suspended. It flopped over on its back and spun. The Messerschmitt pursued its quarry until black smoke streamed from it. At a thousand feet the Nazi pulled up. The Hurricane struck the field at full throttle. Instantly, flames billowed forth.

"That's old Courtney," I heard a man say. "Good lad, that."

I looked away from the wreckage. Old Courtney . . . good lad.

"The Nazi's got it too!" some one yelled. The Messerschmitt was on its back. The right wing dipped and the nose came over in the beginning of a spin. One turn. Two. Three.

I heard, "He's a goner—and good for 'im!"

"No!" The word exploded without volition on my part. I simply knew it wasn't so. Those spins were controlled, precise. My hand went to my forehead and I stood there, frozen. Thirty feet above the ground, down-wind of Courtney's fiery bier, the Messerschmitt recovered. Its pilot executed two-and-a-half rolls, and, inverted, thundered over the burning Hurricane at ten feet. I saw a gloved hand flash toward a scarlet helmet in salute. On the mottled fuselage I saw a gold circle containing a lipstick, a compact and a powder puff.

Men ran forward and stopped as suddenly. What could they do? The Messerschmitt pilot eased the stick ahead. The screaming Daimler-Benz engine pointed upward in the start of an outside loop. The vertical roll in Sidonie Stahl's signature did not follow. She decreased her angle of attack and bored back into the battle.

I don't know exactly how long I stood there. I remember saying, "This is a nightmare," as one sometimes does in a horrible dream. But the nightmare persisted. I remember the cursing of the Britishers, shocked and humiliated by the utter audacity of the attacker. Loud as those voices were, they served only as a background for the others. Sidonie's: *Germany's destiny is great. You'd make a splendid Nazi.* My father's: *Forget that girl, Carl . . . she is a German. . . .* Numbly, I

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stepped toward the Curtiss P-36. So, then—Sidonie not only stood for the very ideal I loathed—she had trained for it! Sidonie, the unattainable . . . the rainbow I had kissed. I thought I saw clearly now, and my heart was a solid weight. Voices still came back: *I'll make it bloom again. . . . Old Courtney . . . good lad, that. . . . She's a bloody killer. . . .*

I REQUIRED a moment to re-familiarize myself with the "office" of the P-36. Before I did, I knew I was right. I had to be right. Sidonie backed me up herself: *There can be another game.* Well, there would be another game.

The entire attack had consumed less than fifteen minutes thus far. There was still time. I couldn't climb as fast as the Hurricanes, but the mêlée, now thinned out and moving eastward, had descended to hardly a mile high. I skirted the combatants, climbed above them. I fired a test burst and the guns felt good, good. I kept my eye cocked for a Hurricane in trouble, with a Nazi riding herd on it.

The first vanquished airman I saw was a German. He shed a wing. The second was an Englishman, and he bailed out. His adversary banked, waited for the 'chute to open, then closed in for the kill. I dived in a steep angle.

There was an instant when Sidonie's scarlet helmet was squarely in my sights. I didn't fire. This was to be the last game—I had to give her a chance. . . . The British pilot collapsed his 'chute for a space of seconds and Sidonie missed. She must have seen the P-36 in her mirror. She zoomed into a tight loop which carried her above the path of my dive—and, because her ship was faster—in a position to attack.

The transparent enclosure over my head vibrated violently and the

instrument panel gave off splinters of glass. I opened my throttle and changed course so quickly that black-out threatened. Straight-away flight meant death.

I went into an Immelman turn, but when I rolled out Sidonie was close behind, her tracers still chewing at my control surfaces and enclosure. I rolled several times and, for a few seconds, felt no more bullet-shock in the ship. It was a game of follow the leader—but I, not Sidonie, was the leader. And if I didn't stump her soon, I would never have another chance. Yet no maneuver I tried could shake her.

I remembered a trick the French had devised while fighting Messerschmitts with P-36's. I risked straightening my course and diving in headlong flight. I waited until bullets were stitching seams up the back of my fuselage. Then I leveled off, raised the nose a trifle and shut the throttle. My air speed dropped off a hundred miles per hour. Sidonie flashed by below me. I jammed the throttle full open and lowered the nose until the Messerschmitt was in my sights. Then I cut loose with everything I had.

I SAW her on the farm, her pigtails sticking out behind her. I saw her in Milwaukee, a grown, desirable woman. I saw her as she climbed into her Wesco Special after that terrific show, her yellow hair gleaming in the twilight. She was laughing and gay—but was there a sincere bone in her body? . . . I didn't stop shooting until her cockpit enclosure disintegrated, riddled.

My hand relaxed on the gun-trips. Through a mist, I saw the Messerschmitt's nose come up crazily and falter. I heard myself yelling, "Get out, Sidonie! Jump! Oh, Sidonie, Sidonie!" She was not trying to free herself. She was not moving.

The little scarlet helmet was slumped forward, awkwardly. I closed the throttle and went into a spiral. Now Sidonie's Messerschmitt was spinning, spinning. At the last moment, the ship's inherent stability sought to right it. The nose cut into the meadow at a tangent and the plane somersaulted three times before it lay still. I watched from two thousand feet, dazed, sick. I wanted the ruins to catch fire. I wanted them to say, "There isn't any Lady Hun. It's all rubbish. . . ."

Unconsciously I lifted the nose above the horizon. The three-year-old P-36 commenced to quiver. I drew the stick toward me and the ship came over on its back. Without thinking, I kicked right rudder. The nose dropped and the P-36 began to wind up like a corkscrew. I stared down over the nose as it spun, stared at the crumpled Messerschmitt in which Sidonie lay, her wings clipped. A wisp of black smoke curled upward. I leveled out at thirty feet. Meticulously, I executed two-and-a-half slow rolls which brought me over Sidonie, inverted, at ten feet. The wreck was a roaring mass, the little scarlet helmet obscured in the flames. I saluted and eased the stick forward. I rammed the throttle open. The Twin Wasp responded, screamed valiantly and hauled me into the sky in the first half of an outside loop. Just before stalling I squeezed out one vertical roll. The nose came down and I headed for the field.

You cannot win a prize when the game is ended.

That night at mess, old Peeble hovered over us like a brood hen. "I tell you," he said, "I bet I seen her. I bet she was the devil what done for young Lieutenant Courtney. I could of swore—"

"Rubbish," I said. "There isn't any Lady Hun. Go away, Peeble."

A Thing to Live For

(Continued from page 17)

population was colored and where most of the white families had slaves before the war. I'd never heard of any such thing. "You're crazy," I told Lumbo. "What'd he do that for?"

"He just don't like us."

"Aw, you're crazy. How'd you knew who he is anyway?"

Lumbo wouldn't answer. He always knew things I didn't, and he would never tell me how he knew. But I learned three nights later when I saw the doctor again.

I was in my bedroom and Father was sitting in the breezeway alone when I heard the sudden baying of hounds coming toward us from the road. While I listened there was a short, furious rush of bare feet along the walk and across the planking of the front porch and Lumbo was in the breezeway gasping, "Mr. Dale! Mr. Dale! He's after me!"

He's gonna kill me! Mr. Dale!"

Father let the book slide out of his hands. "Who? Who's going to kill you?"

"That Dr. Boyd Harland! He seen me crossing the road and he set his dogs after me!"

"Get in the room with Bob," Father said.

Lumbo came in fast, shutting the door behind him and jumping for the mantel, blowing out the lamp. The sound of his breathing seemed to fill the room.

I heard the front porch door open a second time. I heard a man say, "That nigger came in here. Where is he?"

There was a too-long pause before finally Father said, "Lumbo works for me. I brought him here from Alabama. What do you want with him?"

"I want to find what kind of hell

he's been up to. I—" The voice went sharply into silence, and I stood frozen, my brain filled with all sort of wild imaginings, until the voice said, "I beg your pardon, m'am. I didn't see you."

Mother's voice said, "What's wrong, Dale?"

I couldn't stand still any longer. I cracked open the door; I heard Lumbo gasp behind me, but not move, and then I was peeping out into the breezeway.

Dr. Boyd Harland was standing there with a rifle in one hand. He seemed twice as tall as Father. He was more like an eagle than ever, like an eagle high in the air with wings spread, ready to swoop.

Mother faced him from the kitchen doorway. She wore a long white apron with blue flowers on it and her sleeves were turned up from her wrists; but the light of

the lamp seemed to touch only on her face and on the bright gold of her hair.

Then, again, "What's wrong, Dale?" Dr. Boyd Harland answered. "I beg your pardon, m'am, for bursting into your home like this. But as I was passing on the road I saw a nigger running away; and in this country—"

Mother said, her voice icy cold, "You must have seen Lumbo. And since we brought him here with us, I believe he has a perfect right to be on the road without being chased by dogs like an animal."

Dr. Harland bowed gravely and gracefully. "You are perfectly right, m'am. But I was unaware that he belonged here, and in this country we have to be careful." He smiled at her, a tentatively bold smile, ignoring Father altogether. "I believe you are from Alabama, m'am. You will find this country different. We don't have many niggers here, and the ones we have are mostly bad. They've been run out of other sections, you understand." (I thought, That's where Lumbo learns all the things he knows: he sees the other niggers in the woods.) "You can't take chances with that kind of black man, not in a lonely country like this, m'am."

Mother's face did not change but her voice was a shade less icy. "We have three Negroes with us. None of them have been run out of any section of the country, and I don't want them to be. I don't want them to be bothered at all."

"Certainly." He bowed again and I thought he was the most handsome man I had ever seen, while my father just stood there, looking small and futile and polite.

The next afternoon riders herded fifty suckers with their calves into our orange grove. The cattle belonged to a man a few miles to the north of us, they said, and Dr. Boyd Harland had told this man that Father wanted to pasture some cattle, so he had sent them down. Father thanked the riders but there was a puzzled look on his face.

After that we saw quite a bit of Dr. Boyd Harland. He was a dentist and he traveled the country in his buggy, taking equipment with him; and he would stop by each time he was passing. But even after he had been in our house a dozen times Lumbo and Uncle Ham would vanish completely when he was anywhere around, and it was only Virginia's complete faith in Mother that held her in the kitchen. I asked Lumbo why he was still afraid. "Dr. Boyd won't hurt you," I said. "He's our friend now. Besides, he never killed anybody except escaped convicts, Mother says. She says you and Virginia and Uncle Ham just heard a lot of exaggerated stories."

When I mentioned Mother's name Lumbo looked at me without speaking, with a blank curtain between his eyes and his brain; and again I had that impression of Lumbo having sources of knowledge I knew

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Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the February issue should reach us by December 15th.

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nothing of, that because of the very color of his skin he could tell, as an animal can tell, whether there is happiness or trouble beyond the closed doors of his master's house. He said finally, "If Dr. Harland such a friend of y'all, why's he ride around with them Jarine men?"

I couldn't answer that, and because I couldn't, I'd never allowed the question to form clearly in my mind. Now I blustered and said finally, "Well, the Jarines haven't been bothering Father since Dr. Harland's been around." Which was true. They had not annoyed us in any way since Dr. Harland entered our house. I said, "I don't believe the Jarines are his friends. I don't believe he'd have men like them for friends."

"I've seen 'em riding together more'n once."

"I don't believe it!" It made me angry to hear Lumbo talk about Dr. Boyd Harland because I had grown to admire him as a boy must always admire some older man. He was all the things which Father was not and never could be. And I didn't believe what Lumbo told about him shooting a Negro in the back, an old man who had tried to run because he was afraid of the doctor, and had been shot because he ran.

It was summer now with a good crop ripening on the trees. The heat had stopped the singing of the mockingbirds and the whippoorwills; the heat brooded heavy and breathless over us both day and night, and the summer moved on through a suspended peacefulness that was somehow as threatening as the dead, sun-filled calm before an autumn storm. I didn't like to watch the ripening fruit or to think of the time when it must be picked. I was afraid, although I do not remember now the exact source of my fear—whether it was the recalled warning of the Jarines that Father would never pick the fruit, or whether it was vague hints I got from Lumbo, or whether it was the instinctive, psychic knowledge of a child, something sensed, breathed with the very air in the house, I do not know. But it seems to me now that I watched the ripening fruit with a feeling very close to terror.

And it was during that quietly menacing summer that Dr. Harland came calling, wearing the first white trousers I had ever seen, with a scarlet sash about his waist and his dark handsome head held high as a banner. Then September came and passed without a storm serious enough to damage the fruit and along the road there were masses of yellow, black-eyed daisies, and wild sweetpeas hid in the rank grass. In October the mock-

ingbirds were singing at the moon again. And October passed and in the early mornings there was a chill upon the air, and Father (bothered by rheumatism now that it was cold) began to talk of picking fruit to be carried in ox- and horse-drawn wagons to Weaver's Wharf and loaded on schooners for shipment to the big cities up north.

But though the crop was good, Father was as worried as I—or more so. Several buyers had been out and looked at his grove, but not a one of them had offered to buy the fruit on the trees, as was often done. Delivered at Weaver's Wharf, yes; but not on the trees. I tagged after Father and a buyer one day and heard Father ask why he would not make an offer for the fruit as it stood.

The man shook his head. "No-o," he said. "Oranges injure easy enough without any trouble."

"What do you mean?" Father asked.

The man only shook his head again. "I'll buy 'em on the wharf."

And now the passage of time becomes blurred in my memory—events sliding in a blind rush toward their inevitable conclusion, toward the late chill twilight when I came up the steps and saw Mother and Dr. Boyd Harland together in the sitting room. The lamp was not lighted. The room was gray with the breath of night. And because they did not see me, because there was a rigid tenseness about them which frightened me, I did not speak but stopped in the breezeway, almost unbreathing.

They were standing in the center of the room. Beyond them the remnants of a fire glowed dully on the hearth but no light from it struck out upon their faces. Mother's

voice was more husky than I had ever heard it, a strained, tortured sound. "No. . . . No. You mustn't talk that way."

Dr. Boyd Harland said, "I've tried not to. For a year? For ten years? It seems that long that I've swallowed the things I wanted to say." He put his hands on her shoulders. His dark head was close above her upturned face. "And now I have to say them. I'm sailing tomorrow night for New Orleans—and you are going with me."

Mother said, and I could scarcely hear her, a whisper in the gray gloom, "I have a husband, a child. . . ."

"A husband? A weakling who can't look after his own, who'll let you starve if you stay with him!" He must have seen some question in Mother's eyes for he said harshly, "You don't think the Jarines will let him pick that fruit? They only let him stay here and look after it this long to save themselves the trouble. They let him have the cattle so there would be a good crop—for them."

"They let him have the cattle? I thought you—"

"I got the cattle for you. I did what I could to help, because from that first sight of you, I couldn't bear the idea of your leaving. But the Jarines would have run those cows off again, if they hadn't wanted the trees to bear well."

"You mean they—?"

"They are coming with the pickers in the morning. They'll simply pick the fruit and take it to the wharf and sell it."

"You've known all along they meant to do this?"

He hesitated. "I've suspected," he said. "I did what I could to help Mr. Searcy, to help you—because I wanted to keep you here. But I can't stop them from taking the fruit. It's not my duty to nurse a man who is afraid to protect himself."

"No," she whispered. "You've done what you could to help us."

"To help you only," he said. His hands must have tightened on her shoulders for she was pulled closer to him as his low voice filled the darkness like a shout. "You can't stay with such a man!"

She made a sound, wordless, not of protest but of some blind attempt to find protest within her. And he said, "Admit the truth! You don't want to stay here. You want to sail with me tomorrow—and you will!" He kissed her, a brief hard kiss full on the mouth. "Tomorrow evening," he said, and stepped back from her and turned, and went out of the room, passing within three feet of where I stood in the



"It's a trick he picked up from Rover and I don't think I like it."

shadowed breezeway and not seeing me. But I could see his face, and he was smiling and handsome and very sure as he went.

And now memory blurs again, is filled with static, dead pictures which seem to last on and on without motion, then shift kaleidoscopically into one another, transitionless, furious, immobile: of Mother saying, "I have a headache, Dale," the immemorial excuse of women, and going into their bedroom, closing the door behind her; of Father and I alone at the supper table, though neither of us could eat, his thin face trying to conceal the fear behind it, wanting to ask questions and not daring to ask them. And I remember mostly the long night in which I did not sleep at all, but lay very still, thinking: In the morning they will come and take the fruit. They will just take it and there's nothing Father can do to stop them. And tomorrow night Dr. Boyd Harland will come and take Mother, and there's nothing Father can do to stop that either.

THEN it was morning, sudden as a thunderclap.

The Jarines began working in the part of the orchard closest to the house, directly in front of the house and between it and the road. We could see them from the screened porch. They rode up on their horses, all three of them wearing guns. The pickers came in half a dozen big wagons, their picking bags over their shoulders and with long cypress ladders to lean against the trees.

For perhaps three eternal minutes Father stood there on the front porch watching, his face bloodless, the eye sockets showing dark against the pale skin. Then he turned to Mother.

"You knew last night. You knew they were going to steal the fruit." And he added slowly, thickly, "Dr. Harland told you."

"Yes."

"And you didn't tell me."

"What could you have done?"

It was very still on the porch. We could hear the voices of the pickers, but they sounded miles and miles away. I heard Father take a breath, a long breath like a man who knows he may be breathing for the last time; then he turned and went into the house, and when he came out he was carrying the old, singleshoot, muzzle-loading rifle which had belonged to my grandfather.

Mother's voice was as husky as it had been last night talking to Dr. Boyd Harland. "Where are you going, Dale?"

"I'm going out and stop them."

"You can't stop them. They'll kill you!"

"Yes," he said slowly. His voice was very low, but it did not shake. "They may kill me." He pushed open the screen door and started down the steps.

"Wait!" Mother cried. "Wait!"

She was staring at Father as though she had never seen him before. Her eyes were too big for her face. "Dale! Don't you understand? There are three of them, armed. They'll kill you, Dale!" And looking at him, at his drawn, blank, dull face, she whispered, "Aren't you afraid?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm afraid. But I'm going."

"They'll kill you," she said again.

He kept looking at her, and he was already dead, except for his eyes. "There are some things a man is ready to die for, Margaret. His home. His freedom. His honor. His right to hold up his head and say what he will give away—and what he won't allow to be taken. I don't want to die, Margaret. I've done all I could to keep peace, to live and work in peace. Now. . . ." I saw the muscles jerk in his thin neck. "There's always a place a man can't retreat beyond. There's always a thing to die for." He turned, and carrying the old single-shot rifle he went across the front yard toward the orange grove and the place where the three Jarine brothers sat on their horses.

They did not even draw their pistols as he came toward them. They sat there, waiting for him, sneering, the three of them abreast. And over all the grove now there was silence, the men on the ladders, the men on the ground, all motionless, watchful, quiet. From the porch Mother and I saw Father looking small and thin as he went toward the men on the horses, his left shoulder hunched forward a little by the morning cold. He stopped before them and I could imagine his voice, the same dead quiet voice in which he had spoken to Mother, and his eyes, not dead but looking at death and not wavering. "Get out of this grove. I will give you just ten seconds to get out."

"And if we don't?" The younger one jeering and loud; the older one looking into Father's eyes and realizing suddenly that this was it, this was the real thing.

"—six—seven—eight—" the dead voice counted.

THE older Jarine drew his gun with a single stroke of his hand back from the saddle horn and up. And as the gun came free of its holster Father shot him deliberately through the right shoulder, the heavy bullet hurling him backward and out of his saddle in the same moment that the middle Jarine started to draw.

He got his gun out and that was all. Father struck him with the barrel of the rifle across the right forearm, breaking the arm with a crack that the pickers on the cypress ladders could hear. The pistol spun out of Jarine's hand and fell at Father's feet.

Father picked it up, and when he straightened, holding the pistol now, the youngest Jarine was looking at him with a face frozen white in terror. All his life he'd lived in

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the safe shadow of his brothers' strength; and now they were beaten and he was alone—and afraid. Neither he nor Father moved. If Father spoke, no sound of it reached Mother and me on the screened porch. But at last we saw the younger Jarine draw his gun slowly and let it slide from stiff fingers to the ground. Father stooped and picked it up.

Still, in what was tableau silence to Mother and me, the youngest Jarine rode away down the road. Two of the pickers lifted the oldest Jarine and put him in a wagon and drove off with him toward Weaver's Wharf. The middle Jarine, with his broken arm across his lap, rode beside the wagon.

And now Father turned to where the other pickers still waited and his voice came so loud and strong and clear even Mother and I could hear. "You boys just keep right on picking," Father said, and his voice was like the roll of a battle drum. "I'll pay you the regular wages. Clip the stems short because I don't want the fruit bruised. And as soon as I've had my breakfast I'll be down to see how things are going." He turned and came back toward the house, and behind him the pickers

swarmed up their long cypress ladders and the wagons began to creak up and down the rows and the voices of the drivers rang clear on the morning.

I have always wondered what Mother said to Father when he came back from the grove, but I will never know because she sent me out of the house, and although I went out the back door and ran swiftly around to the front again I couldn't overhear them. But I remember the breathless, glowing look on Mother's face as she watched Father when he went back to the grove again.

From mid-afternoon on, Father stayed in the house with Mother and they kept sending me away and I kept coming back again, because I knew they were waiting for Dr. Boyd Harland.

And Lumbo and Uncle Ham stayed close to the house all afternoon too, and how much they knew I can only guess, but I did know they wouldn't run and hide this afternoon when Dr. Harland came.

So we waited. And Dr. Boyd Harland never came. The afternoon turned into twilight and the pickers went home, calling, "Be back in

the morning, Mr. Searcy." And, "Good night, Mr. Searcy." And twilight changed into darkness, and Dr. Harland never came.

He had met the Jarines that morning as they went away from Father's grove, and after he had talked to them he went straight to Weaver's Wharf and got aboard the schooner there and stayed aboard.

I learned this when Lumbo and I were allowed to take the wagon into Weaver's Wharf for supplies one Saturday afternoon soon after the oranges were picked. It was the first time I had been to town since that other Saturday when the kids had yelled at me that my father was a coward. I made Lumbo let me drive. I stood up in the wagon and I held the lines with one hand and I had the other hand already doubled up into a fist, waiting for the first kid to jeer at me about my father. But I really knew that nobody was going to jeer. I knew I had my fist doubled up just to show them how tough I was, and pretty soon I forgot to keep my hand fisted and I let the other kids ask me questions about how Father had chased the Jarines out of his grove, and I told them all about it, over and over.

Any Axis to Grind?

(Continued from page 13)

their Axis partner in running diamonds through the British blockade.

Said one report: "Each week passersby observe a heavily-guarded Italian diplomatic car draw up in front of the German Embassy and collect the German diplomatic bag. The car then speeds, sometimes with a Brazilian motorcycle police escort, to the nearby airport where an Italian plane of the LATI (Line Aeree Transatlantic) service flies it to Rome by way of North Africa."

Control of the situation was by no means easy for the Brazilian Government. Besides the diplomatic difficulties introduced by the Germans, the mining industry in Brazil is carried on by some 40,000 independent diggers who made no report to the government on production and sales. It was impossible to determine how many diamonds were being mined, and how many were being sold to the Germans.

This Spring a solution was found in strict enforcement of an old law which permits the sale of precious stones and metals only to government-licensed buyers. Then this law was strengthened by a Presidential decree which added diamonds to the list of vital defense materials and restricted their sale to na-

tions of the Western Hemisphere. With that accomplished, the U.S. Defense Commission appropriated funds to buy up Brazilian diamonds as fast as they can be produced and to ship them to the U.S. for immediate use in defense industries.

Today Brazil is riding the crest of

the diamond boom. Sales that amounted to only \$628,400 in 1938, climbed to \$1,937,000 in 1939, and continued upward to well over \$3,000,000 last year. In 1938 the third largest diamond ever found, weighing over 726 carats, was discovered in Brazil and named in honor of President Vargas.

Last Spring diamond experts in New York began the delicate job of sawing, cleaving and polishing the Vargas diamond to produce 23 smaller gem-stones which will be worth about \$2,000,000.

Discovery of this stone seems to hold tremendous implications for Brazil's future as a diamond producer. Already mining engineers are busy exploring the fields, organizing new operations, and reaping richer rewards than ever dreamed of by the backward native miners. If the experts are not over-optimistic, modern methods may develop Brazilian mines to a point where someday the Western Hemisphere may become self-sufficient in its production of diamonds.

Meanwhile, Germany has been reduced to underground buying to obtain her supplies of industrial stones; and one after another, these underground sources are being shut off



by the firm efforts of the British secret service, often with the help of diamond dealers in the Americas.

For instance, last Spring the British were surprised to see Swiss imports of diamond dust and filings soar up beyond all reasonable proportions. Normally, Switzerland uses a lot of diamond dust in grinding and polishing the tiny jewels for watch bearings; but the war has seriously depleted the export market for fine Swiss watches. The British secret service got on the job. The surplus imports, they found, were being transhipped to Germany for use in armament industries.

Again, last Spring, a New York firm dealing in industrial diamonds began receiving inquiries and orders from an unknown "commission agent" on the West Coast. Experts knew that there was no industrial market for such stones in that particular part of the country, so they relayed their suspicions to the British. The "commission agent" was soon caught red-handed. He was buying up U. S. industrial diamonds for shipment to Germany via Japan.

As the war drags on, and the strain on German industry increases, diamond experts are beginning to wonder: How low are Germany's unreplenished diamond stocks today? What is the condition of the tools and dies upon which she must depend for the ever increasing number of guns, planes, tanks and ships to match those being turned out by U. S. industry? Some British engineers claim to see a partial answer in the quality of the planes, tanks, guns and other equipment captured

from the Nazis recently. Whatever they had in immediate power and performance, they seemed to be lacking in durability. Quality seems to be lacking; obsolescence is rapid and high.

However, until the war is won, there will always be that other possibility, remote and fantastic though it seems. Should Germany conquer Africa she would become a ruthless mistress of the world's diamonds. This reversal of roles may be a rags-to-riches dream; yet it has implications that send shivers down the spine of every American businessman.

Conceivably, a German-dominated diamond cartel might mean that American mass-production industry would move or stop according to the whims of Hitler. Using industrial diamonds as a political or economic weapon—withholding them, or parceling them out at the price of other concessions—he could put a brake on the production of automobile factories in Detroit, mills and foundries in Pittsburgh, plane factories in California and New York. American competition, far from sweeping the world markets, might be rendered impotent at the nod of a head.

Fantastic? Perhaps it is; although there are plenty of people who see it as the inevitable consequence of a Nazi victory. At any rate, the thought serves this point: it reveals why these hard, rough chunks of pure carbon, buried deep in the African earth or washed in the riverbeds of Brazil's wildest provinces, still fire modern man's imagination and send him forth, armed to the teeth, in a death-struggle for diamonds.

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(Continued from page 9)

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talents to sordid commercial gain.

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Layden and Sutherland alone clinch the case. If anyone had asked you two years ago to name the two leading coaches in America, you could have answered Layden and Sutherland, quick as a flash, and there wouldn't have been a dissenting vote. Layden had the prestige only a Notre Dame coach can command and Sutherland's University of Pittsburgh teams had the record. They were the living, breathing representations of Mr. Football—but the colleges could not hold them.

As the inheritor of Knute Rockne's mantle, Layden had a life job at Notre Dame. A hallowed member of the Four Horsemen, the Thin Man was getting \$10,000 a year from Notre Dame. Other colleagues in the profession were getting more, but none had the security enjoyed by Layden. When the professional people, looking for a high commissioner to be the Judge Landis of football, offered Layden \$20,000 a year and a five-year contract, the consensus was that Notre Dame's No. 1 man unhesitatingly would spurn salary for security. Layden accepted; he evidently believes pro-football is an attractive proposition for the long haul.

Sutherland could have had practically any job he wanted when he severed connections with Pittsburgh in 1938. The Scotch immigrant was recognized as a strategist with few peers and his record substantiated his reputation. In fifteen years his Pitt teams had won 111 games, lost 20 and tied 11 playing back-breaking schedules. He had sent four teams to the Rose Bowl. He knew the business. After leaving Pitt, Sutherland spent a year surveying the field, weighing a multitude of offers, picking his spot. And the spot he picked was with the Brooklyn Dodgers. College football hasn't recovered yet from that slap at academic politics and alumni interference.

It was just a few weeks ago that Buff Donelli, whose Duquesne teams had lost one game in their last nineteen, agreed to divide his time between the college boys and the Pittsburgh Steelers. Commissioner Layden handed down a ruling prohibiting National League coaches from holding other jobs during the season. Donelli was a resounding success at Duquesne, but he chose the unsuccessful Steelers, much to the surprise and gratification of Layden.

During the summer Asa Bushnell, commissioner of college football officials in

the East, issued a ukase forbidding the whistle-blowers in his organization from working professional games. Eleven top-drawer referees and umpires said so sorry, but they were going along with the pros—even though their fees averaged \$25 a game, less than a college assignment.

When Earle "Greasy" Neale departed dear, old Yale last winter he turned a tin ear to beseeching representatives of big-name colleges. He went to Philadelphia and the bedraggled Eagles. Dutch Clark, Colorado University's ancestor of the many-sided Whizzer White, Rhodes Scholar and All American, was born to operate in a temple of higher education. Something seems to have detoured his destiny. Clark is masquerading the Cleveland Rams.

The pay-off for me is Jim Conzelman, whose cross is the Chicago Cardinals. Mr. Conzelman is smooth; he is a major-leaguer from 'way back. In him are incorporated more brains and muscle than seems decent in this age of specialists. Intellectually, he is strictly a college guy and by inclination he is a professional athlete who antedates every other active figure in the National League with the exception of George Halas, the owner-coach of the prehistoric Chicago Bears.

The college crowd drools ecstatically over coaches who have interests in life other than football. It points with pride to old Bob Zuppke, the poet-painter-philosopher of Illinois; Dr. Mal Stevens, a ranking orthopedist; Dick Harlow, the eminent oologist; Dr. Eddie Anderson, who does a full-time hitch in the hospital.

All are very fine and cultured fellows, but Conzelman makes them look like gentlemen with one-track minds in a rut.

In his time, Conzelman has edited a country newspaper, made ukulele records, sold soldiers' monuments, led orchestras, conducted a syndicated newspaper column, composed songs, appeared in vaudeville and has gone on lecture tours. Last summer he played the role of the football coach—no walk-on—in the "Good News" production of the St. Louis Municipal Opera, the largest and most successful outdoor theatrical company in America. The St. Louis Muny Opera averages 10,000 paid admissions a night. Conzelman stopped the show.

"It was two-to-one in any pool-room that I wouldn't get out on the stage," he says negligently, "but you know how it is with a fat, elderly exhibitionist. He's pure ham. He never blows up on the stage because he's been acting all his life."

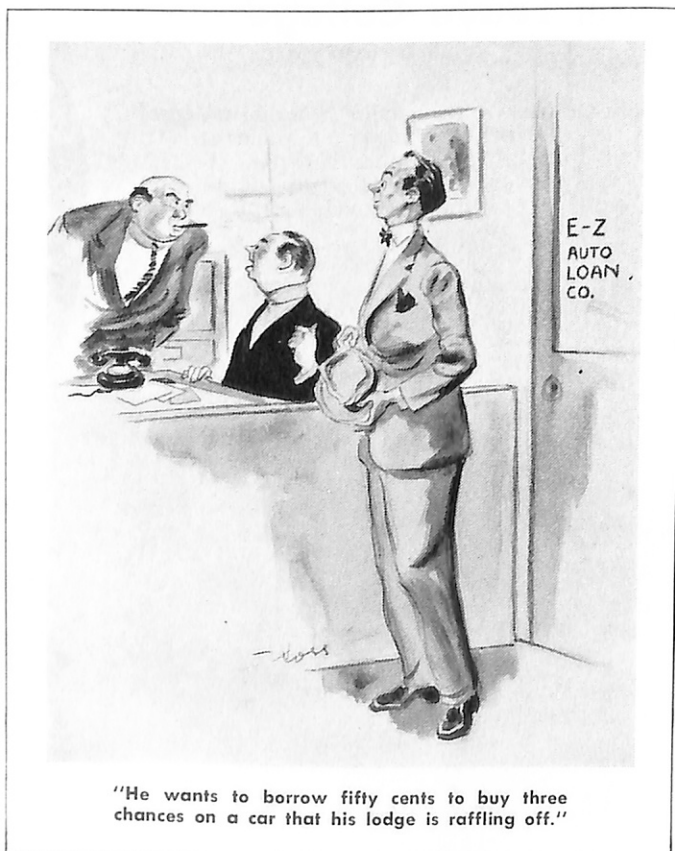
Conzelman was an early cliff-dweller in Greenwich Village when whacks were conventional and double-talk in prose and poetry was all the rage with the long-underwear mob. Conzelman ran sculpture exhibits in MacDougall Alley and had a wonderful time starving, letting his hair grow, deciding the destiny of the world, wearing Grecian costumes and being unutterably profound.

In moments of weak strength, he was a first-rate athlete. For dough on the line. In World War I, he was middleweight boxing champion of the Navy and his talents prompted Tex Rickard to make a trip to St. Louis to get permission of Conzelman's mother to allow her

beamish boy to turn professional. He played on the Navy's Great Lakes football team which won in the Rose Bowl in 1919. He broke into organized baseball as a manager, and his catching and deep thinking enabled Rock Island to finish third in the Mississippi Valley League in 1922. A football injury ruined his throwing arm and kept him out of the major leagues.

He and Halas are the only pro football players of the 1920 era who are associated with the game today. Conzelman left Washington University of St. Louis in his junior year to go with the Stahleys of Chicago—now the Bears—and in time he was the playing-manager at Rock Island, Milwaukee, Detroit and Providence. In 1928 the Providence Steamrollers won the championship and Conzelman was voted the most valuable player in the league.

"I went into pro football to escape from turning in to a coach—and look at me now," Conzelman



"He wants to borrow fifty cents to buy three chances on a car that his lodge is raffling off."

laughs. "I always was a lousy prophet, anyway. I bought the Detroit franchise for fifty bucks in 1925 and we finished second in the league with me the owner, coach, tailback, publicity man and ticket-seller, but I lost money. I gave up the franchise. Two years ago it was sold to Fred Mandel for \$125,000.

"I quit pro football in 1930 because I figured it was dying. I thought the depression would kill it. The depression made pro football. Before the crash, college stars wouldn't turn pro because they could make more money at soft jobs. When the bottom fell out of the market, they were only too glad to play for \$125 a game. That was more dough than they could make in a month working—if they were lucky enough to get jobs.

"At that, pro football was pretty crude ten years ago. Second-division clubs would meet in a hotel room on Saturday, get their plays and go out on Sunday for a game with no practice. The league was unwieldy; one year there were eighteen clubs in it.

"I almost made a million bucks in football. I missed by one million dollars. I had the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame lined up to play with Detroit after they were graduated. To pick up some quick money, we had a vaudeville act cooked up and everything looked rosy. Then Elmer Layden said he couldn't run out on a promise he had made to serve as a playground instructor in Davenport, Iowa, his home town. Layden took the job for \$75 a month and kissed off \$200 a week. That's what principle does for you."

Incidentally, Conzelman happens to be a very good coach. After spending eight years at Washington University, his alma mater which gives scholarships only to scholars, Conzelman went to the Cardinals last season. He had an impoverished, inept ball club, but it was the only one in the league to outscore the champion Bears in two games. He won, 21-7, then lost 24-32. Something seems to have happened to his formula this year. In October, before the Cardinals were to meet the Bears, someone asked him how he intended to win the game.

"We will hate them to pieces all week and pray Sunday never comes," he said gravely. Conzelman hated the Bears to shreds all week, but as it must to all men, Sunday and the Bears came to Conzelman. The final score: 53-7, in favor of the Bears.

When the Knute Rockne picture was released last fall, Conzelman and Pat O'Brien, the star, were guest speakers at a luncheon in Chicago. Conzelman, fearful of laying an egg if he spoke after O'Brien, arranged things so that he preceded the actor. Conzelman made his address and, as usual, was terrific. O'Brien got up and surveyed the convulsed crowd.

"Speaking after Conzelman," the screen star said acidly, "is like following 'Gone With the Wind' with a magic lantern."

FALSE TEETH

Played "hob" with Daniel Dobb—
But this is how he saved his job

*From door to door trudged Daniel Dobb,
His sample case in hand;*

*Yet all day long he made no sales,
No orders could he land.*

*Alas! his dingy, foul
false teeth
Were more than folks
could stand.*



A dentist said: "Try POLIDENT,
The modern thing to do.

"Although you neither rub nor scrub
Your teeth will 'look like new';

"It brightens smiles; checks Denture Breath;
Is inexpensive too."



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Do this every day: Add a
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to half a glass of water.
Stir. Put in plate or bridge.
10 to 15 minutes. Rinse,
and it's ready
to use.



Dobb did! And now his order file
Is simply overflowing;

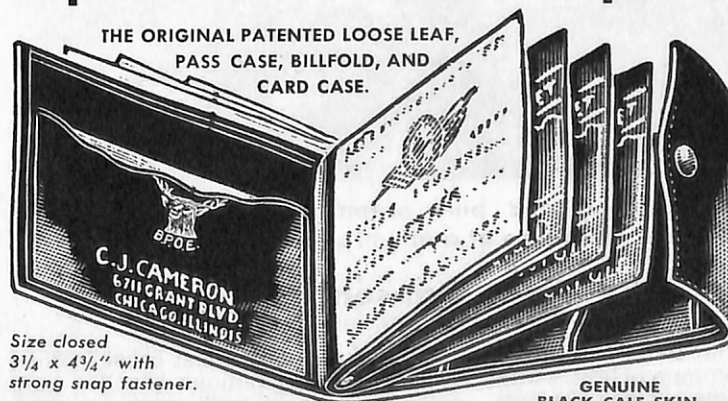
His pay-checks, too, are lush and fat;
His bank account is growing.

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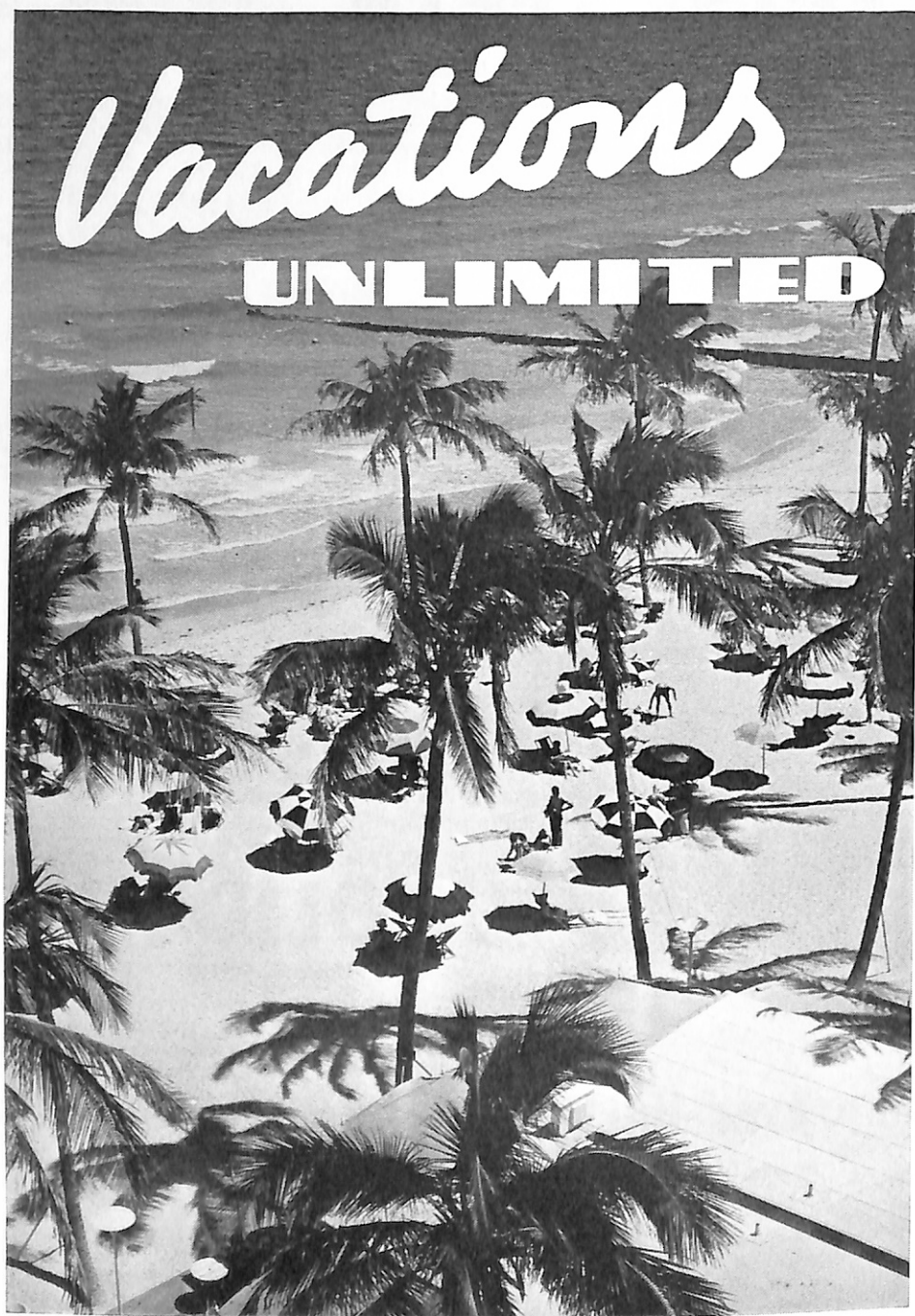
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Mr. Ransom gives us all the incentive, if any is needed, for a vacation in Florida.



White sand and blue ocean as seen through the palms at a Miami shore club.

By John Ransom

WHO is it that hasn't dreamed of sunshine on a bright white beach, slow green waves breaking quietly with a sleepy, lulling sound, gulls crying faintly in the distance, the sand hot and soft underneath, the sky blue with a blueness that beggars description?

I have, for one, and I have full information as to just where to find all that—and a great deal more. Florida—from tip to tip and coast to coast. It offers everything a vacationist could possibly desire.

The whole of the east coast is dotted with world-famous beaches and salt-water pools, and every conceivable accessory to add zest to a seaside vacation, and all summer long it is fanned by the cooling trade winds of the Atlantic.

Just a few hours away, on the west coast, are beach resorts equally famous, but, in an entirely different setting, where the Gulf Stream furnishes Nature's finest job of air-conditioning. Central Florida,—beautiful rolling country, where the

world's finest oranges and grapefruit are produced, is dotted with a thousand-and-one lakes which provide fresh-water sports of every description.

There are golf courses that are tough for a champion—there are others that give any average good golfer enough headaches to make it fun, and there are easy ones for those who play golf just for the walk.

Fishing, big game fish or "small fry", salt-water or fresh-water, is something you can't leave Florida without doing. The fish which inhabit Florida waters know no season, and the anglers' imaginations have no limit. The fish take it as a personal affront when they see a hook—they practically dare you!

Tennis on the finest courts, motor and sail-boating, sight-seeing *de luxe*, bowling, shuffleboard, quoits, horseback riding, horseshoes—in fact, Florida shoots the works for the sporting clan, and in Florida there are more days to play. It's noted for its year-'round clubs which give you tops in entertainment, first-rate food and good music—all at conservative, fair prices.

The State of Florida has a background of more than four centuries of pretty exciting history, since the coming of the white man. Indian races, constantly scalping each other and any stray whites they ran across, roamed its hills and shores. Explorers and settlers from Spain, France and England left their imprint and in the process got even with the Indians pretty thoroughly. Some of the most interesting incidents in the history of the American Nation have to do with the old and the new land of Florida. Over its soil a prehistoric people roamed before the Indian. The first flag to wave was the royal banner of Spain; next, the lily-spangled flag of the Kingdom of France; then the British Union Jack; the Stars and Stripes; the Stars and Bars of the Southern Confederacy, and again, the Stars and Stripes of our own United States.

Traces of occupation by all of these people are vividly evident as you tour the State. The ruins and monuments of the early colonists, Indian settlements, battlefields—all of these mingle with modern structures and engineering feats. The past and the present lie side by side in pleasant equanimity.

The white man's first recorded contact with this land was on March 27, 1513, when Ponce de Leon sighted the shore near what is now St. Augustine. He was looking for the Fountain of Youth and, although he didn't know it, he had what he wanted in Florida. His later attempts at settlement failed. Navarez in 1528 and DeSoto in 1539 led exploring expeditions through introduction of the orange, which the boys brought over from Spain.

In 1562 Jean Ribault, a Frenchman, visited this land and made a glowing report of what he saw. In

1564 French Huguenots under the leadership of Rene de Laudonniere established a colony named Fort Caroline near the mouth of the St. Johns River.

A Spanish settlement under Pedro Menendez de Aviles was established at St. Augustine in 1565. This settlement has had an unbroken history to the present day. Menendez's first task was the destruction of the French Fort Caroline, and the cheerful slaughter of its defenders. A French fleet under Ribault was wrecked on the coast and its survivors also were captured and slaughtered by Menendez's soldiers. This ended with a bang the first period of French contact with Florida, although an avenging expedition in 1568 destroyed the Spanish garrison which Menendez had established on the site of Fort Caroline. They were great for vengeance in those days.

The stone ruins of Missions are to be found in many places today, missions established among the Indians by Spanish priests. The Spanish also started a settlement at Pensacola. Many of these early buildings and forts still stand at Pensacola and St. Augustine.

In 1763 Florida was ceded to England and remained loyal to that country during the Revolutionary War. Up to 1784 when Florida was ceded back to Spain, the English established many fine plantations in Florida and more than 15,000 English families left Florida when their flag ceased to fly over its territory.

Spain sold Florida to the United States in 1821 for \$5,000,000, and it was plenty cheap at the price, considering what it's worth today. Florida was one of the eleven seceding states in 1861 and her citizens played a prominent part in the Civil War.

IN RECENT years thousands have come from other states to make their homes. Other thousands come for an annual visit in the matchless climate. Henry M. Flagler on the east coast and William B. Plant on the west coast were far-seeing capitalists who had much to do with the modern development of the State.

As the meeting point of Anglo-Saxon America with Latin-America, Florida, with its beautiful setting and soothing climate, will play a most important part in the days that are to come.

There are so many resorts and vacation places in the State that it is impossible to do them justice. Places like the Inn at Porto Vedra Beach near Jacksonville in the northern part of the State, or Seacrest Manor not far from Miami offer a vacationist about everything there is to be desired. Or if you prefer a more formal stay, try the Pancoast Hotel in

Miami Beach. It's said to be the most luxurious hotel in the world.

Here are some startling facts one should know about Florida:

Florida leads the Nation in the production of grapefruit, celery, Fulfers' earth and phosphate (84% of U.S. production), and in winter-grown crops ranks first in producing tomatoes, snap beans, eggplant, cucumbers, peppers and Irish potatoes. The waters yield about 137,000,000 pounds of fish yearly. Florida grows a greater variety of food products throughout the year than any other state and is the "Sunshine State".

More than 90 percent of the population of the United States can reach Florida within 48 hours.

The northernmost tip of Florida is farther south than the southernmost limit of California.

She leads all states in the variety of soils, crops, fishes, trees, flowers, herbs and birds.

Florida has no equal in the production of naval stores, wintergrown truck crops, sponges and cigars.

Florida contains 35,000,000 acres—four times larger than Holland and larger than Maine, Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island. The peninsula state has almost 1,500 miles of coast line and 30,000 lakes.

The mean annual temperature ranges from 68.8 to 72.3 degrees.

The visitor who spends his vacation on the coasts pictures Florida as a flat country. This is incorrect. Central Florida contains many hilly sections—the highest point, Iron Mountain, near Lake Wales (Bok Tower), is 325 feet above sea level.

Florida with 328 species leads all southern states in variety of native trees. Texas is second with 198; North Carolina third with 166.

Ninety percent of the world's supply of naval stores (turpentine and rosin) is produced in the United States. Approximately one-third of this is produced in Florida.

Income from Spanish moss amounts to \$1,000,000 per year.

According to Audubon the mocking bird, the Florida State Bird, is the most beautiful singer in all bird-dom. It not only imitates, but composes, and has been known to change its song eighty-seven times within seven minutes. A record unequaled.

Between the 1930 and 1940 censuses, Florida made the greatest gain of permanent residents of any state in the Union—28.6 percent; North Carolina comes next with a percentage increase of 12.4.

If all the indentations and shores of all the islands belonging to Florida were put in a straight line, it would extend half way around the globe at the equator—that's a lot of space and your editors would like to take their ease on every single mile of it for the rest of their lives.



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by NORMAN LINDSAY

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 19)

of smaller finned battlers. And some of 'em aren't so small, at that. We saw a gent catch two 25-pound snook within an hour one day, right beside the railroad bridge over St. Lucie River. And anytime you tie into a 25-pound snook on light tackle, you've got something to worry about. They're fightin' fools.

Did someone ask about tarpon? Well, there's right snappy tarpon fishing at Stuart, too. Not those big busters the talent catches at Boca Grande Pass over on the West Coast in June, but little five and 10 pounders, which, snaffled on a fly or bait casting rod, afford more action than a monkey on 40 feet of rope. Nearby lakes and ponds are loaded with those whopping Florida bigmouths—you can catch 'em until your wrist gives out.

Down around the inlet surf casters can take a dozen varieties of fish, from pompano to channel bass. The channel bass don't run as large as the same fish off Carolina's Outer Banks, but there are plenty of 'em. And when bluefish enter the inlet, the squidding game really gets hot. Trollers and casters frequently make splendid hauls.

Reef fishing is another inexpensive and pleasurable pastime, and the variety of queer-looking fish which can be caught over these sub-submarine ledges is remarkable. And most are delicious eating. Best way to play this game is to make up a party of five or six, put up a big lunch, and leave the rest to the boat captain.

YOU really can shoot quail out on the swampy, palmetto prairies behind Stuart. Birds are plentiful and there's lots of elbow room. Only hitch is that quail guides and good dogs aren't numerous, and this writer doesn't recommend that northern bird hunters bring in their own dogs. Reason is the heartworm and snake menace. Well trained Florida bird dogs are snake wise and seldom get clipped, either by diamondbacks or moccasins. A northern dog, knowing little or nothing of this constant danger is in deadly peril.

Angling winter vacationists will find that amazingly beautiful drive across the Florida keys to Key West another almost limitless opportunity for piscatorial endeavor. Numerous "creeks" cut through the keys from the gulf side to the

ocean and through these creeks migrate a never-ending procession of fish, including tarpon, snappers of a dozen varieties, snook and other fighters. This fishing reaches its peak when schools of shrimp are in the creeks, and the fastest fishing usually is after sundown. There are comfortable places to stop along the Overseas Highway to Key West, our southernmost town, and several bait, tackle and rowboat emporiums along this highway will supply last-minute fishing dope. The Key Largo Club, about an hour's run south of Miami, and the Plantation Key Yacht Club, a bit beyond, are two excellent places to stop for a day or a fortnight. There is superb fishing in the immediate vicinity of each camp, including bonefishing.

THERE are two excellent bets for the touring rod and gun fan over on Florida's West Coast. The first is at Everglades, jumping-off place for amazingly good fishing in the Ten Thousand Islands area, and the second is that vast region of palmetto prairie surrounding Punta Gorda, where some of the state's finest bird hunting is on tap.

Excellent accommodations are available in Everglades at the Everglades Inn and the Everglades Rod and Gun Club, and near Punta Gorda at Allapatchee Lodge. Both places are hunters' and fishermen's hangouts—there is nothing of the Miami hoopla at either resort. Topflight gunning and fishing guides can be engaged at either place.

Incidentally, that West Coast Florida quail hunting is about the

most luxurious this powder burner has experienced. Guides are equipped with "hunting cars," usually station wagons, on top of which are placed seats, something on the order of a Fifth Avenue bus. Dogs are carried inside the car, and six to a dozen pooches usually are taken along.

Hunters sit on topside seats and the guide, after releasing a pair of fast-working, wide-ranging dogs, follows them with the car. When the dogs make a stand the car is stopped about 100 yards away, the hunters climb down from their sightseeing perch, load up and shoot the covey rise. Then some of the singles are hunted down, after which the party returns to the car and the slow search for another covey is resumed.

Quartering dogs are in sight most of the time from the top of the station wagon and of course a lot of tiresome leg work is eliminated. And that's not to be sneezed at, considering the amount of territory which usually must be covered.

Guides in this region will tell you there's little or no danger from snakes, but, despite the efforts of professional snake catchers, who have reduced the diamondback population to some extent in the vicinity of Arcadia, there still are rattlers, and this writer recommends the purchase of snake leggings.

ONE of the most fascinating side trips in Florida can be made at reasonable cost by chartering a cabin cruiser in Everglades or some other West Coast resort, and cruising down to Shark River.

This trip affords an opportunity for almost limitless fishing, and a closeup of an amazing variety of wildlife, principally birds. The Shark River area is one of the most out-of-the-way places in this country; when you've explored it for a week you've been to a wilderness outpost.

An Everglades hunting trip is an experience, too, provided you are lucky enough to know a Floridian who is familiar with some section of that wilderness area. Almost every variety of game inhabits this little-known section of Florida, from quail to, believe it or not, cougar. Turkeys, bear, deer and bobcats abound. Likewise snakes, mosquitoes and other tiresome critters. It's no place for a tenderfoot, but it's a place to visit with rod and gun. And that last, brother, is up to you!



"Didn't I warn you to get a new trumpet before we played these Northern towns?"

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 18)

cat? I'm glad you found him here that night. The Sparerib looked at me in amazement. 'Joe,' she said, 'our Rufus really *was* lost Christmas eve? I never believed a word of your story, because I always knew you were a fibber, but I'll take it all back.'

Joe later told us with some bitterness that Christmas week was a frosty one around his house with Rufus getting all the play and he being high-nosed by his spouse. He added that the cat even had its own Christmas tree parked underneath the family tree and he thought that Rufus got more presents than he did.

Maybe the moral to this is that a man shouldn't mix cats with his drinks, but Joe's lament over the cat's Christmas tree didn't register with us. You see, there's always a small tree for our dogs at Christmas-time. It's garnished with knick-knacks to tickle their palates and there's usually a gadget or two underneath it that will add to their comfort and happiness.

A Christmas tree for a cat or a dog? Why not? True, some folks are sentimentalists about their pets the year 'round but there is some excuse during this finest of holidays. After all, it's a sentimental occasion when many of us, fortunately, go soft.

In many a home Fido is very much included in the Christmas program and time and again I've received letters from readers asking for a list of suitable gifts for the family pooch.

Perhaps, if you haven't ever done so, you'd like to include your dog in the holiday festivities this year. If you do, suppose we go on a shopping tour.

Here's something your dog will appreciate. A bed with a comfortable cushion stuffed with cedar shavings. It's smart-looking and won't throw anybody's home decorative scheme out of joint. Besides, the cedar helps keep down fleas. Here's another kind, a dog mattress stuffed with cedar-treated Kapok. It's khaki-colored

and will blend with any furnishings.

How about laying in an extra supply of one of the advertised canned or packaged dog foods? Although we advise against over-feeding we feel that the bars can be let down for this special occasion and an in-between snack for the dog won't hurt him if not overdone.

Then there's candy. Yep, real dog candy. Non-fattening and very much a dessert for dogs. It's inexpensive and dogs go nuts over it.

In many homes any kind of feed dish is good enough for Fido and maybe it is. But here's one—a tray holding both feed and water dishes. Comes in a variety of colors and is so built as to keep the dishes off the floor. We may add that both feed and water bowls are a heap easier to keep clean than the usual dog dish.

For the owner who likes to keep his or her dog trim and tidy this gadget, a trimming comb with a removable razor blade, is just the thing. Along with it you can buy a trimming chart that shows exactly how the barbering should be done. There's a chart for each of a number of breeds. Extra blades for the comb can be bought in almost any sporting goods or drug store.

How about a new leash? We said NEW . . . and this is a new kind. It s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s. The hand-loop is bound with brilliantly colored plastic and it has smart nickled swivel and snap. Costs only a buck but it's a boon to the man or woman, 'specially the latter, whose pooch acts like a runaway horse when on a leash. Dog doesn't choke and it prevents sore arms for the owner.

A good dog book wouldn't be out of order and your purp will benefit the year 'round because it will tell you how to keep him healthy and happy.

In your local five-and-dime store you'll find any number of rubber toys and squeaks that will afford Fido the time of his life.

Getting back to keeping the dog tidy, how about a good dog brush? Or comb? (Continued on page 54)



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd Street, New York.

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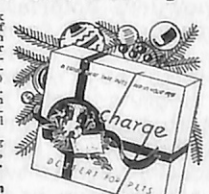
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Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

behalf of the city, the response being made by Dr. C. E. Duff, of Lawrenceville, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn. The Grand Exalted Ruler, introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, delivered a stirring address, urging all Elks to work for national unity. He commended the Elks of Illinois for their fine progress during the past few years, particularly in their crippled children activities and their efforts toward ritualistic perfection in the lodges throughout the State. On behalf of the State Association, P.E.R. D. L. Bradshaw, of Herrin Lodge, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a \$100 Defense Bond in appreciation of his patriotic program and also as a token of esteem from the Elks of Southern Illinois. Among those present were Past State Pres. Dr. Bryan Caffery, Jerseyville; Special Deputy A. W. Jeffreys, Herrin; Frank P. White, Oak Park, Executive Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Crippled Children's Commission; State Secy. Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln; P.D.D.'s J. Francis Walsh, Jerseyville, Clyde Brewster, Herrin, Walter E. Miller, Elgin, and Walter H. Moreland, Jr., Metropolis, and P.E.R. D. F. Rumsey, Harrisburg. Judge John Reid acted as Chaplain.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was delighted to meet large delegations at this conference from three new lodges, Chester No. 1629, Fairfield No. 1631, and Anna-Jonesboro No. 1641, instituted within the past eighteen months in Southern Illinois. At the conclusion of his Marion visit, Judge McClelland was driven to St. Louis by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell. There he boarded a plane for Indianapolis, Ind., where he had arranged for a meeting with the Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Claude E. Thompson, of Frankfort Lodge. Judge McClelland and Mr.

Thompson held a lengthy conference in connection with the proposed activities of the Committee in carrying out the program of the Grand Lodge this year, after which the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to his home in Atlanta, Ga.

On October 4, Judge McClelland arrived at the airport in Indianapolis, where he was met by the President of the Indiana State Elks Association, Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Claude E. Thompson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Robert A. Scott, P.E.R. of Linton, Ind., Lodge and Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., and escorted to the Hotel Claypool, where an informal conference was held with Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, Mr. Kyle, Mr. Scott, and Fred Cunningham, of Martinsville, Past Pres. of the Indiana State Elks Assn. The next morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler, in company with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Mr. Masters, Mr. Kyle, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Thompson, attended five District Conferences held in the Claypool Hotel, and a noon luncheon served in the Riley Room of the Hotel, where more than 300 Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and officers of the lodges of Indiana were assembled for their 22nd annual conference. An account of the conference appears in the "Under the Antlers" section of this issue of the Magazine. Plans for the 1942 State Convention, to be held in Fort Wayne, were discussed by State Vice-Pres. Paul G. Jasper, P.E.R. of Fort Wayne Lodge No. 155. On behalf of the Indiana State Elks Association, and in appreciation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's unswerving devotion to the cause of National Defense, Mr. Thompson presented Judge McClelland with a \$100 United States Defense Bond.

On Tuesday, October 7, Judge McClelland was the principal speaker at Buckhead, Ga., Lodge, No. 1635, on the occasion of the lodge's presentation of National and State Flags to the Fulton County State Defense Corps. The ceremony was held in front of the lodge home, where units of the Defense Corps were assembled on the lawn. P.E.R. Major Frank R. Fling, of Atlanta Lodge, Commander of the Corps, accepted the Flags on behalf of his units. The presentation was made by E.R. Edwin M. Pearce, Jr.

On Sunday, October 12, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association, held in the lodge room of Rome Lodge No. 694. He was welcomed by E.R. J. P. Marchington, D.D. H. G. McSpadden, Est. Lect. Knight Knor Wyatt, and Capt. H. J. Stewart, Secy., and introduced by State Pres. H. O. Hubert who presided. Among the other speakers were D.D.'s Edward A. Dutton, Savannah, and Mr. McSpadden, P.D.D.'s C. Wesley Killebrew, Augusta, Charles G. Bruce, Atlanta, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and J. Clayton Burke, Atlanta, President of the Crippled Children League of Georgia. Among other distinguished Georgia Elks in attendance were E.R. Wellborn R. Ellis, Past State Pres. J. Gordon Hardy, State Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds, all of Atlanta Lodge, and members of the Atlanta Lodge Home Defense Unit; Special Deputy Roderick M. McDuffie, East Point; E.R.'s Forrest C. Johnson, La Grange, C. B. Pierce, Jr., Griffin, Rudolph Aebi, Jr., Newnan, Dr. J. F. Hines, Dalton, Pierre Howard, Decatur, and C. McNeill Leach, East Point; P.D.D.'s J. Bush and W. C. McGeary, Athens; P.E.R.'s John J. Hennessy, Savannah, L. J. O'Connell, Augusta, and Dr. Will S. Haile, Fitzgerald, and many present and past officers.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 53)

Here is something that's a boon both to dogs and their owners. It's a powder, colorless, that actually keeps dog off furniture and cushions. Doesn't show nor stain and protects any other article around the house as well. It's entirely odorless to humans but very much detected by dogs and they loathe it. No more need to wallop your pooch for using your best chairs or your beds as sleeping quarters.

Another thing your dog will like is a can of yeast. Yeast for dogs? You bet. It's not only a fine tonic but helps hair growth a lot and is

packed full of vitamins.

A good dog soap, a can of flea powder that actually kills fleas or a bottle of mange cure. Your dog hasn't got mange? Well, you never can tell when he might get it as it's one of the most contagious skin diseases there are. Shhh. A little secret—quite a few exhibitors use the kind we have in mind as a dressing for their dog's coats and it surely does marcel and keep them looking slick. And, say! Here's something new—a bubble bath for your dog or cat. Uses practically no water at all, and deodorizes and de-fleas as well.

How about your dog's medicine chest? All dogs at some time or other need worming and medicines for various doggy ailments so it's a good thing to have these on hand.

The foregoing is only a partial list of what you can get to make your dog happier during 1942 and we're sure that if he could speak he'd add a hearty thanks to his "Merry Christmas" to you on the morning of that best of all holidays—Christmas.

P. S. If you care to drop us a line we'll be glad to tell you where you can get any of these articles.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

the play of an enlightened personality within the boundaries of a system". The human factor counts. Humor should enter into it, "since humor washes over most human barriers and can even settle disputes". The book is packed with cases—each case being simply the dilemma of human beings who have trouble with the laws society has established. I get the impression that Judge Ulen is a fine type of man, and if this is the spirit in which Judge Bok is administering justice in Philadelphia he is at the beginning of a fine career.

If lawyers are great readers of biography then they have plenty of opportunity this month, for some excellent biographies are being added to the long list of American books. They, and other readers, will be interested in "Clarence Darrow for the Defense", by Irving Stone (Doubleday, Doran, \$3); "William M. Everts, Lawyer, Diplomat, Statesman", by Chester L. Barrows (University of North Carolina Press, \$4), and "Joseph Pulitzer and His World", by James Wyman Barrett (Vanguard Press, \$3.50). Readers also may wish to turn to the story of an American captain of industry, "Alfred I. DuPont", by Marquis James (Bobbs Merrill, \$4.50) or, going into other centuries and places, "Hernan Cortes, Conqueror of Mexico", by the great Spanish scholar, Salvador de Madariaga (Macmillan, \$4) and "The Great Lady: Barbara Villiers, Mistress of Charles II", by Margaret Gilmour (Knopf, \$3.50). The list is much longer, but an intelligent bookstore salesman will be happy to lead you to the others.

Interest in Clarence Darrow was amplified by the highly spectacular cases with which he was often associated. The McNamaras in Los Angeles, confessed dynamiters, were defended by Darrow. The Loeb and Leopold case in Chicago was defended by him. He faced William J. Bryan in the celebrated Scopes case in Dayton, Tenn. As Irving Stone describes him in this dramatic book—(you may recall how dramatic Stone was in writing about Van Gogh in "Lust for Life")—Darrow was a fighter for the underdog, but he had his reservations, for he was a thorough-going individualist. When the socialists of Chicago asked him why he didn't join the party he re-



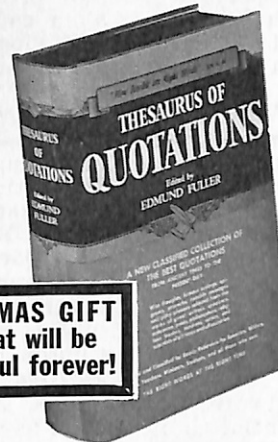
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plied, "Because there are so many unsocial people in the socialist party". One of Darrow's spectacular arguments was made in his own defense when he was placed on trial in Los Angeles for bribing a juror; the jury acquitted him.

The biography of William M. Evarts ought to interest students of American history. Evarts was a New York lawyer who took part in certain historic cases. He was the leading counsel in defending Andrew Johnson against impeachment by the Senate; he spoke eight days in the final argument and buried the opposition. He represented the Republican side in the Hayes-Tilden controversy and found the argument that admitted the doubtful votes that put Hayes in the Presidential chair. He defended Henry Ward Beecher in the sensational Brooklyn trial of the suit for alienation of a wife's affections brought by Theodore Tilton. They took 52 ballots and disagreed, and that was the last of the case. It's a good thing biographies of this kind are becoming available, for we need to know more about the men who are not the top leaders, but close to the top. Evarts was a member of two presidential cabinets and died in 1901.

As for the book about Joseph Pulitzer, the editor and owner of the *New York World*—this is the most entertaining of the lot. Packed with good stories about Pulitzer and newspaper days at the turn of the century, this book was written by the last city editor of the *World*. Pulitzer was vitally interested in politics. He demanded that his editorial writers have ideas on events, he wanted no fence-sitters in his office. He developed one of the finest editorial pages in the country. He went blind and spent his last years traveling on his yacht, surrounded by secretaries, issuing orders every day. The book not only deals with Pulitzer but with his successors, through the Al Smith campaign, which the *World* favored and supported, to the sale of the newspaper in 1931.

I want to add one more biography to this month's list. That is the account of the life of a famous physician. "William Henry Welch and the Heroic Age of American Medicine" tells the story of this great pioneer in laboratory research and medical education who was the first professor of pathology at Johns Hopkins, dean of its School of Medicine and associated with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The book gains authority because it comes from the pens of Dr. Simon Flexner and his son, James Thomas Flexner. It is not popular reading; it will appeal primarily to those interested in medicine, but it is a scholarly work, thoughtful and complete. (Viking Press, \$3.75)

ONE of the most interesting of all mysteries is the conspiracy of Benedict Arnold to deliver West Point to the British in 1780. I don't know to what extent readers of today care

about such far-away matters, but if they are at all alert to the great issues of our past they will find this story captivating and even exciting. It happens that at this late day, 1941, we are just getting the full truth of the matter. You will find it in Carl van Doren's "Secret History of the American Revolution", the most important contribution to our Revolutionary history published in fifty years or more. How is this possible? Because the correspondence of Major John Andre, British adjutant general, with Benedict Arnold, has been locked up in cipher letters in the archives of Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, British Commander-in-Chief at New York during these negotiations. About 1926 this correspondence, as well as all the official papers from Clinton's office, came to the William L. Clements Historical Library in Ann Arbor, Mich., by purchase. And here is what they revealed.

We all know the rudiments of the Arnold conspiracy—how he established a connection with the British, met John Andre near Haverstraw, and made a deal to sell out. Andre was captured at Tarrytown and executed at Tappan, N. Y.; Arnold fled to the enemy. We have never known much about Mrs. Arnold's part in the deal; she was Peggy Shippen of Philadelphia and even Washington considered her innocent. The documents reveal that she was an intermediary and the British paid her and gave her sons an annuity. Arnold made money on the deal; he made more money out of the Revolution, says Mr. van Doren, than any other general, but he lost his name forever. The letters followed a simple code—described in the book. The British tried to bribe a number of other patriots; they succeeded with some men who were not found out until now. But, as Mr. van Doren says, to the British this was a Civil War, and it was no crime to leave the "Rebels" and return to the allegiance of the mother country. Mr. van Doren's book is an excellent piece of scholarship, clearly written, an indispensable book to anyone interested in the American Revolution, its secret diplomacy and intrigue, and its personalities. (Viking Press, \$3.75)

JEROME WEIDMAN, who digs up queer New York characters for his stories, has just issued another novel about as strange a bunch of parasites as we find in fiction. Calling the book "I'll Never Go There Any More", he describes the visit to New York of an Albany youth who gets a job as an accountant and falls in with Max Maggio, who was once a first-rate criminal lawyer, then got

into dishonest transactions and now lives by his wits. Through Maggio the Albany lad, named Thacker, becomes associated with people who will never shine in respectable society, but who, like so many shady characters, manage to be picturesque and sometimes even exciting. Thacker is on the verge of becoming as loose as they are when a shooting pulls him up short and he hies back to Albany, saying "I'll never go there any more," or words to that effect. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50)

On the other hand Olive Higgins Prouty, who made a great reputation by writing "Stella Dallas" a number of years ago, writes about exactly the opposite type of people in her new novel, "Now, Voyager", which gets its title from a poem by Whitman. In this story Charlotte Vale is a frustrated woman of a Boston family, so coddled and imposed on by her mother that she is ready to revolt, and revolt she does when she meets a personable man who appeals to her. The well-mannered romance, so reminiscent of the novels Edith Wharton used to write, develops in Europe; the dialogue is on a high plane and good manners are everywhere evident. I cite this novel to show that people are still writing the reticent novel, although in this age of hard-boiled yarns you wouldn't believe it. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50)

A BOOK packed with good yarns of the gold rush days in California—whoppers, some of them—is "Ghost Town", by G. Ezra Dane, who says he has mined the files for tales, grave and gay, in the town of Columbia on California's Mother Lode. Here is what the old timers remembered. The author's mother collaborated with him. Their family has lived in Tuolumne County since the gold rush. Peppy yarns, well told. (Knopf, \$3.50)

Another lively telling of phases of life in the American West is Fairfax Downey's "Indian-Fighting Army", in which he traces spectacular events on the plains after the Civil War, telling tales about Fort Phil Kearny, Gen. George Crook, Gen. Custer, Crazy Horse, Geronimo; the high spot is his account of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Writing in a vivid style Mr. Downey makes this period live again. (Scribners, \$3.50)

Among the detective and mystery stories of the hour is a strange newcomer, Gypsy Rose Lee's "The G-String Murders", something of a novelty, but more because of the author than of the story; "The Navy Colt", by Frank Gruber is a lively yarn with plenty of action and if you like Gruber's stories, you'll enjoy this. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2)

"Profitable Publicity: How to Do It, How to Get It" has excellent guidance for workers in this field; of special interest to us is the fact that the author is Henry F. Woods, Jr., member of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, and associated with the advertising firm of McCann-Erickson, Inc.



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